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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



DARING ATTEMPT OF ALEXANDER SOLOVIEFF, A DESPERATE NIHILIST, TO ASSASSINATE CZAR ALEXANDER, OF RUSSIA, WHILE THE LATTER WAS TAKING A MORNING WALK IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, AT ST. PETERSBURG.—SEE PAGE 6.





RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office : 2, 4 & 6 Beade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

#### Terms of Subscription.

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#### To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

A. L. H., Norristown, Pa.—Thanks for favors.  
Jago, Independence, Kansas.—Thanks for attentions.  
UNION, New Albany, Ind.—See item under "Vice's Varieties."

A. C. Kingston, Mo.—Much obliged, but the matters arrived too late.

G. R. T., Paoli, Ind.—Account previously received from another source.

CORRESPONDENT, Lone Tree, Iowa.—Could not make use of the clippings.

V. G. X., Ironton, Mo.—Send it along and we will accept if of value to us.

O. S., New York City.—Will make another effort to answer your question.

L. T. S., Carthage, N. C.—Don't want it at any price—see item elsewhere.

G. N. S., Kahoka, Mo.—Article too late for this issue; will appear in our next.

ALPHEA, Knoxville, Tenn.—Occurrence already noted. Did not find point for illustration.

T. W. H., Williamsport, Pa.—All right; send along. Other matter will be attended to.

CORRESPONDENT, Marshalltown, Iowa.—Have already published account of the occurrence.

T. C. C., East Liberty, Pa.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Thanks; send us further particulars.

CORRESPONDENT, New Albany, Ind.—Account previously received, varying considerably, from another source.

C. C. Newton, Iowa.—Portrait will appear in our next. Please announce the fact to those interested in the matter.

M. R., Marysville, Cal.—Much obliged for the offer, which we accept with pleasure. Shall be glad to have the article alluded to.

ANSON, Virginia City, Nev.—Yes, if it furnishes a good subject for illustration would prefer it, especially if it is of an extremely personal nature.

M. J., Versailles, Mo.—Please note that portrait will appear in our next. Other matter will be attended to; will forward it at earliest practicable moment.

T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Portrait appears; other not yet received; referred to other matter in this column last week; have answered you by mail. Hope it is satisfactory.

A. C. S., Taylor City, Texas.—Sorry, but we could not find a place for the matter this week, and it would be too late next, especially as it is already considerably behind date.

J. M. H., Dallas, Texas.—We rarely care to enter into any definite engagement of that sort. Whatever matter is sent us is paid for if accepted, from any quarter, at its value to us.

MAURICE, Charleston, S. C.—If you cannot obtain portrait send sketch at all events, giving us merely correct outlines of the locality and the scene sufficiently complete for us to illustrate the subject.

CASH, Mount Vernon, Ind.—Why, we have more of such stuff offered to us than we can use, and at about one eighth. What do you take us for, a walking sub-treasury with a mania for getting rid of the deposit?

E. B. C., New York City.—Cannot tell whether it would or not without knowing more about it. Send it in, or call at this office and explain. Would want to have it well authenticated, or it is not likely we could accept.

EDITOR BLOOMFIELD, IND., DEMOCRAT.—Greatly obliged for complimentary notice which we hugely appreciate. We are glad to be able to inform you that we consider it a bit of the most tremendously fine writing we ever encountered.

S. S. T., Andover, Mass.—We do pay for original communications, but we do not care to publish scandalous matter unless it has become a matter of court record or newspaper publication. You can readily find a market for such stuff near home, however.

V. F. Newton, Kan.—We have continually announced to our correspondents in this column that, with our vastly increased correspondence, we should be utterly overwhelmed did we not make it an invariable rule to reject all manuscript written on both sides of the paper.

J. J., New Orleans, La.—Yes, we can use clippings if the matter given therein has not been already received through our exchanges a week or two before. Our friends should remember that a newspaper article of that age, a couple of weeks old, can rarely be of use to another journal.

J. H. R., Vinton, Iowa.—Much obliged for the trouble taken in our behalf, but the matter is altogether too voluminous. So much of such happenings is presented to our notice every week that we should be overwhelmed if we did not condense each so as to cover the whole ground as far as possible.

#### TWO CONSPICUOUS CRIMES.

Of the almost innumerable homicidal crimes that have darkened our history in the last ten years, very few have excited such universal detestation as those of Currie, the cowardly assassin of Ben Porter, and the almost incredible crime of the Olives, the fiendish man-burners of Nebraska. Naturally we should have a right to suppose that, whatever leniency might be shown in other cases in their the vengeance of outraged Justice would be most inevitably exhibited and that it would be visited most speedily and summarily. Yet what do we find to be the actual state of affairs? The details of the awful tragedy in which the Olives figured as fiends "hot from Tartarus," in their appropriate element, may here be briefly recalled. I. P. Olive, formerly from Texas—striking coincidence, Texas gave the North her "Olives," and the North returned the compliment with her "Currie"—was called the King of the cattle men in his section, and was, in point of fact, little less than a King, in that almost law-lacking country as the unlimited chief of a desperate clan of wild retainers. This gang, almost as complete savages as their red-skinned neighbors, were always ready to do their chief's bidding to the most desperate extremity. The most trusted and confidential of these clansmen, said indeed, to be Olive's brother, was a man known as Stephens.

Near this semi-feudal establishment was a little colony of settlers, among whom were an inoffensive old man named Mitchell and his son-in-law Ketchum. Stephens became a so-called "sheriff" of the so-called county. He had long entertained a bitter enmity against Ketchum, and was not long in "office" when he found means of trumping up a charge of cattle-stealing against him. He also included old Mitchell. With two companions he attempted to execute his "warrant." His intended victims resisted. A melee ensued, and Stephens, righteously as it appears, met his death. Loud then rose the wrath of Cattle King Olive. He offered a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension of those desperate criminals, Mitchell and Ketchum who, well aware of the peril they had incurred in the exercise of the right of self-preservation, surrendered themselves to the "sheriff" of Howard county upon condition that they should be protected. This sheriff, for some reason best known to himself, took them to Central City, the county seat of Merrick county, from which place the new sheriff of Custer county, a man named Gillan, took them, in spite of their earnest protest, to the "authorities," if such a character can be ascribed to the parties having them in charge. After these individuals had yielded up the unfortunate men to this so-called "sheriff" Gillan, he set out with them in a wagon on the way back to Custer. Somewhere on the journey, it has been amply proven, they were taken from the custody of Gillan by the Olive party, with his connivance or sham resistance, only, if indeed he was not in a direct conspiracy from the first to obtain possession of them. The unfortunate men were then taken by these fiends to an obscure spot in the woods, tied to a tree and tortured and burned to death with such revolting cruelties as might bring a blush to the cheek of an undergraduate in Sitting Bull's ranks. Popular indignation was so great against the gang that after their arrest was finally effected their lynching was anticipated. They were brought to trial after great trouble and many fears of diverse character. The facts, as given, were all fully established. It only remains to state that just at this writing intelligence is received that, on the 17th, the intelligent jury to whom the case was submitted found Olive and Fisher, the boss devils of the job, guilty of "murder in the second degree." It was subsequently announced that they were, nominally, sentenced to imprisonment for life. The matter is submitted without comment.

In the case of their brother assassin Currie, the matter is too fresh to require the details. We publish elsewhere, however, the statement of Miss Ella Cummins, the innocent victim of the Marshall tragedy, giving a far more complete and undoubtedly more correct statement of the affair than has previously appeared. It is calculated to measurably increase the general exasperation against the ruffian for his cowardly crime, and if it fails to cause the early adornment of his neck with the halter-noose, then in spite of the indignant protests of the citizens of Marshall, in the first flush of indignation, against the imputation that there was any possibility that the fullest justice would not be done, they will be unable to free themselves and their state from the reproach that justice is there but a mockery of the name. Already there is an indication of a sentiment setting in in favor of the murderer in that section, and the contributors to the fund raised for his prosecution are doing a good work by their efforts in that direction, not only to aid hesitating Justice in arriving at a proper standpoint for her observation of the situation in obtaining lawful vengeance for their slaughtered brother, but in vindication of the law generally, and a greater respect for the sacredness of life throughout the country.

#### A RATHER REMARKABLE LOVE AFFAIR.

Rather an unpleasant sort of sweetheart to have,

we should think, was that of James Concannen, car conductor, the details of whose singular plot are elsewhere given. One is forcibly reminded by it of the oft quoted "Twas all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?"

If Kate's love for James had evaporated and she had duly dismissed him, and he had taken it all like a little man, and made no unnecessary fuss about it, that would have seemed to have settled it. But why she should have wished to have had him summarily murdered by her later found melo-dramatic Italian lover, is very mysterious.

One would surely suppose that the old style of simply giving "Signor Jim" the "mittens" would have been a sufficiently effectual means of disposing of an obnoxious lover to have met the requirements of the case, without the employment of any Signor Gerardo with his stiletto and his operabrigand business to render poor "Signor Jim's" dismissal a final one from participation in earthly affairs.

Is this style of procedure really to be established as the "latest thing" in courtship and thus add another fearful peril to those already investing that fascinating occupation? The suggestion is a horrible one, and the matter appears to us to wear an aspect that should secure it the attention of experts in questions of public moment.

#### April Showers and Rain Beaux.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Edward Davis is a nice young man residing in New York city and belonging to the particular species of the male "masher" variety of the human race known as the "Sixth Avenue Masher," a distinction the aptness of which will be readily recognized by any one posted on the ways of metropolitan life. Attired in "stunning" style, showing in every movement a proud consciousness of being a "swell" of the very first water, he is to be seen on that great and gay thoroughfare at the hours when his kind do most infest it, following the peculiar occupations of his sort. On a recent occasion he put himself on the track of a beautiful, but demure looking, and handsomely dressed blonde, and his keen and practiced eye was not long in discerning sufficient indications that he had "made a mash." Now it happened that one of those ephemeral but deluging clouds usually lurking about at this season, suddenly let down. The pursued fair one showed signs of distress and Davis at once bore down upon her for he was equal to just this emergency being always provided against such with a handsome umbrella. In his best style he tendered his service, which was gladly, though modestly accepted. He improved his opportunity, as well as he knew how to do, during their walk. He was entranced with the attractions of his new found friend and still more did he exult in his certainty that she was "just dead gone on him." The rain ceasing, the lady released his arm and insisted on proceeding alone, but with a tender parting and a sure promise for an early night's meeting, with a suggestion of champagne and oysters. Half an hour later Davis was triumphantly relating this immense "mash" to an admiring coterie of listeners of his fellows in a favorite drinking resort of theirs "on the av." In the midst of it he went through an instinctive gesture, periodically repeated by him at intervals of about ten minutes, during his waking hours, that of drawing out his handsome gold watch. It didn't draw. A trifling change of color might have been observed in his face as he slapped his breast pocket and then quickly inserted his hand therein. "My bottom dollar," he groaned. It is believed that he did not keep that engagement, and it was observed that he never alluded to "that mash" again, which is probably to be attributed to his modesty, but the boys insist on giving him full credit for it all the same.

#### John Taylor, a Chicago Rope Candidate.

[With Portrait.]

John Taylor, alias Flynn, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is a curious specimen of a style of audacious and murderous ruffian, in the production of which Chicago seems to have developed a peculiar specialty, so to speak. It appears that on Sunday, March 2nd, Taylor, who is a burly six-footer, a very powerful man, and a perfect fiend when under the influence of liquor, went to the house of Mrs. Emma Kruger, a widow, who had previously rejected his advances as suitor. Mrs. Kruger resided in the upper part of the house with her little daughter. Below them lived a laboring man named Scanlon. Taylor, with a large jack-knife concealed in his pocket, crept up-stairs and knocked at the door of Mrs. Kruger. She asked who was there. He replied, "Your brother Frank is in trouble. I want to see you." She opened the door and Taylor went in. He at first made indecent proposals to her, and she refused them. He then brutally outraged her. She screamed for help, and Scanlon ran up-stairs, when he met Taylor, who at once drew his knife and stabbed Scanlon in the left breast. Taylor was arrested about fifteen minutes later and lodged in the Cook County Jail, in default of \$4,000 bail, to await his trial, on the charges of rape and attempted murder, at the ensuing court term, when he is reasonably sure of getting at least fifteen years at hard labor. Double or treble the amount would not be a whit beyond his just deserts.

#### Nicholas Michael, Murderer of "Johnny the Greek."

[With Portrait.]

We have already published some account of the murderous drama enacted at, or near West Berkeley, Cal., in the latter part of February last, and the finding of a deserted boat on the beach at that place which bore evidence of having been the scene of a desperate struggle and probable murder. The matter was a profound mystery for some days, but finally detectives discovered that upon the occasion in ques-

tion, an individual quite well known in that section as Johnny French, alias "Johnny the Greek," had been murdered, and the crime was fastened upon one Nicholas Michael, alias John Plutos, whose portrait is given elsewhere. Michael afterwards admitted his guilt, and claimed that he had acted strictly in self-defence.

#### Arthur Lennox, an Alleged Seducer.

[With Portrait.]

On the 10th of March last, Miss Maria Forster, a young and handsome girl, died, at Cotter's Falls, Pa., from the effects of an abortion performed upon her by Mrs. Ada Norton, the keeper of a house of ill-fame, in that place. On her death-bed deceased charged her with the crime, and also claimed that Arthur Lennox, a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and a book-keeper in the village, was her seducer, and had gone with her to Madam Norton's to have the operation performed. Lennox has fled, and Mrs. Norton has been held in the sum of \$3,000 to await the action of the grand jury. A portrait of Lennox is given elsewhere in this issue.

#### A Desperate Bank Robber.

[With Portrait.]

In Charleston, S. C., a young man, giving his name as James Morgan and his residence as Utica, N. Y., made a desperate attempt to rob the First National Bank. The person in question was cool and unconcerned, handsomely dressed, and bore a brown linen bundle under his arm. He came into the place on the day in question, and in a momentary absence of the president, Dr. Simonds, rushed to the safe and took \$12,000 from a tin box deposited therein. The colored janitor, John Robinson, caught him in the act and started in pursuit, and succeeded in arresting him. He was held to await trial at the June term of court. We give his portrait on another page of this issue.

#### A Fool or a Frolic.

Brownstown, Ind., April 13.—To-day carpenters were engaged in tearing out the plastering and base of ex-Sheriff Samuel S. Early's dwelling, and between the weather-boarding and the base was about six pounds of powder, dry and nice, carefully wrapped in a copy of a newspaper bearing date March 8, 1869, and within the package was a slip of paper on which was written: "This powder is intended for a special purpose, and when the proper time arrives she will be touched off, and will betide the fate of those for whom it is intended!" When or by whom the powder was placed there is one of the unsolved mysteries, and its discovery has caused no little excitement in this city.

The Paris *Figaro* tells of Miss Cora, an American who is known as "La Fiancee des Lions," who "nurses her lions tenderly in sickness, and lately brought up a whelp by hand." Once while the menagerie was traveling in Hungary the troupe ran short of provisions, and the lions grew ravenous. At this juncture appeared a band of brigands with a discharged employee of the troupe. Miss Cora quickly surrendered her jewels, and then darted to the vans and opened the lions' cage. The sagacious creatures instantly recognized their proper dinners. An hour later they had "gotten outside" of two bandits, and in the happy frame of mind which a full stomach generates sat licking their mistress' hand.

#### A Murderer's Attempt at Suicide.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., April 14.—Hezekiah Shaffer, who is confined in jail here awaiting execution on Thursday next, attempted suicide this morning by puncturing the veins of both arms and both legs with a wire taken from a broom in his cell. When discovered a large pool of blood had soaked through the bed and collected on the floor beneath it. He is now lying in a very precarious condition. His mind is wandering, and the attending physician pronounces his recovery doubtful.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Our gallery receives the very handsome addition of a capital portrait of Miss Helen Grayson, an exceedingly pretty and shapely woman, an assertion in which we will be fully sustained by a glance at her portrait. She has recently filled an engagement in "The Little Duke," at Booth's Theatre, in this city, and has achieved no small measure of success and reputation as a taking opera bouffe artiste and a sprightly and talented artiste generally.

#### Sanford H. Godell, a Missing Boy.

[With Portrait.]

Sanford H. Godell, a boy of fourteen, whose portrait is given elsewhere in this issue, has been missing from his home since the 1st of March. His relatives are in great distress over his uncertain fate and the attention of detectives and police authorities in all sections is respectfully called to the matter.

#### Henry Williams, a Missing Man of Virginia City, Nev.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Henry Williams, a well-known gentleman of Virginia City, Nev., from which place he has been missing some three months, having gone away on business, since which time his friends have had no clue to his whereabouts, and naturally fear some fatality has befallen him. They anxiously await information from any quarter concerning him.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., April 17.—Hezekiah Shaffer, of Franklin county, who murdered his wife on the 31st of February, 1878, was hanged in the jail-yard at this place to-day. He was carried to the scaffold in a blanket, weak from loss of blood on account of his attempt at suicide. On the scaffold he was seated in an arm-chair during the progress of pinioning his arms and legs. He was placed on a stool, and the rope was adjusted about his head. He was asked whether he had anything to say, but he only shook his head.



## VENGEANCE AGAIN FOILED.

Another Terrible Episode in the Deplorable  
Hinds-James Tragedy Enacted  
in Baltimore.

## THE FATHER OF THE VICTIM

Seeks Revenge upon Hinds, whose Alleged  
Betrayal Caused the Melancholy  
Death of His Daughter,

BUT FINDS A BLOODY GRAVE INSTEAD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BALTIMORE, Md., April 16.—A terrible tragedy, the bloody sequel to a most deplorable affair throughout, occurred to-day, resulting in the killing of Isaac D. James by Denwood B. Hinds, as well as the wounding of the latter. Hinds, it is charged, seduced and indirectly caused the death of Miss James, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and only daughter of the murdered man. In December last she was found to be *eniente*, and charged that Hinds had seduced her under promise of marriage. He had been a frequent visitor at Mr. James's house, and an intimate friend of the young lady's brother, William M. James. The latter, it is stated, upon learning his sister's condition, appealed to Hinds to redress the wrong as far as it was in his power, by making the girl his wife. Hinds, however, denied any criminal intimacy, and

## REFUSED TO BE COERCED INTO A MARRIAGE.

Subsequent to this, on December 24 last, William James encountered Hinds in the store of Moore & Brother, by whom he was employed, and about a dozen shots were exchanged between them. Neither was seriously wounded, and although James was taken into custody Hinds refused to prosecute him, and left the city.

Nothing more was heard about the scandal until the death of Miss James, which occurred on the 15th of March. She was in delicate health, and a few weeks before the time when she would have become a mother she was attacked with a fever of which she died. The deathbed scene was heart-rending, and her appeals for her lover to come to her were harrowing in the extreme to her aged parents as they stood around her. She died, breathing with epithets of the fondest affection the name of the man

## WHOM SHE CHARGED WITH HER RUIN.

The public sympathy with the distressed family was very pronounced, and was displayed at the burial by the presence of large numbers of persons. The casket which contained the poor girl's remains was almost concealed by the wealth of flowers sent by sympathizing friends. The distressing affair soon after dropped out of public sight, however, and young James resumed his position at a wholesale house where he was employed as clerk. Mr. James, Sr., however, never recovered from the shock caused by the death of his child under such circumstances, and told a number of his friends that if he met Hinds

## HE WOULD KILL HIM.

Hinds is supposed to have returned to the city a few weeks ago. He appeared on the streets two or three days since, but the fact of his presence was only known to a few persons. It is stated that last week Mr. James, who was an engineer at Mount Clair Works, while passing near Hinds' house, was seen by the latter. Hinds then remarked to a friend that if James attacked him he would kill him, at the same time producing a pistol. James passed on, however, without appearing to see him.

To-day, a few minutes after noon, Hinds left his house, on West Fayette street, in company with a younger brother, Harry, who was on his way to school, and, when on Carrollton avenue, he encountered James, who was going home to dinner. He wore his working dress, being without a coat; and, upon seeing Hinds, exclaimed, "I have you at last!" and, drawing his revolver, fired. Hinds threw up his left arm, which was shattered, and only prevented the ball from entering his head. He almost fell into an area-way, but quickly recovered. James, thinking he had killed him, was walking away; but turning, and seeing Hinds rise, he

## PREPARED TO FIRE AGAIN.

Hinds then fired, and a number of rounds were exchanged between them. Two of the balls penetrated James' skull, but he kept on his feet and pursued Hinds, who ran away, but failed to hit him; finally becoming exhausted, he fell and was carried to a physician's office. Stimulants were administered, but his death occurred in twenty minutes. An immense crowd surrounded the house, and as the corpse was removed, there were open expressions of indignation at Hinds' act, and the hope was expressed by many that he would be lynched. The body of James was taken to his late residence, a messenger having broken the news to his wife and adopted daughter, who were both found in an unconscious state

## WHEN THE CORPSE WAS CARRIED IN.

Hinds was driven in a carriage as rapidly as possible to a police station, in the custody of a couple of officers. When giving his testimony at the examination Hinds appeared remarkably calm and self-possessed. After being warned not to criminate himself he was sworn, and testified as follows: "About twelve o'clock my brother Harry and I started to go to his school from our home. We crossed Fayette street to the south side, near the corner of Carrollton avenue. Just then some men who were moving a piano out of a house on Carrollton avenue dropped it, and we stopped to look at them. We soon moved on, and as I turned down the avenue I saw James, with a pistol in his hand. He exclaimed, 'Now, I have got you.' I jumped back and fell down an area-way. When James fired I threw up my left arm and the ball went through it and struck me in the face. Then

"HE SHOT MY LITTLE BROTHER, HARRY."

In an interview with a reporter soon after the

shooting, Hinds said: "I got from the cellar way as quickly as I could, and, drawing my pistol, began to fire back. After firing a few shots I ran. James pursued me, and my brother Harry, running after him, jumped on his back and threw him down. I then returned, and the crowd surrounded us."

"What sort of a pistol had you?"

"A good one, you may be sure. They threatened to take my life, and I did not care to go about with such a little pea-shooter as I had before."

He said he regretted the whole trouble, but that it was forced upon him. "Miss James, about whom the trouble originated, was," he said, "smitten with me and I could not return her love. It all might have been explained at the beginning if the James people had only approached me in the right way."

## A FAMOUS DEMI-MONDAINE'S FATE.

Melancholy Conclusion to the Brilliant Career of the Celebrated Madame Musard of Paris, Née Pauline Belmont, Saraco's Favorite Dancing-Girl, of New York.

The *Times*' Paris correspondent gives some particulars of the melancholy ending of a woman once well known to "old New York sports," and for many years famous in Paris and at many of the capitals and fashionable watering-places of the continent. Mme. Musard, the correspondent relates, has been shut up as a lunatic in the Maison Blanche. The life of this woman has been most romantic and remarkable. Thirty-five years ago every gay young man about town knew Pauline Belmont. Seven or eight summers ago a well-known New Yorker, who knew her in her younger days, met her by chance at Baden Baden. She was the observed of all observers. Her residence was the resort of the most distinguished habitués of that once gay resort. Her equipage was the neatest and most attractive among all the grand turnouts of the place. She no sooner recognized her old New York acquaintance than she approached him with a dignity and cordiality

## BECOMING A QUEEN.

"You are Mr. — of New York," inquired the lady. "I am, madam," responded the embarrassed Manhattan Islander, "but you have the advantage of me." "Don't you remember your old friend Pauline, you used to dance with at Saraco's dancing-school in Howard street, New York, many years ago?" said the lady, as her face lighted up with a most captivating smile. The gentleman at once recognized his charming little dancing partner. At her invitation he called at her residence, a magnificent chateau on one of the principal avenues, and found everything that taste and luxury could provide. What a transformation for a poor New York girl to become the idol of Kings, Princes and potentates! She was Queen of her realm, and commanded many subjects. What a sad sequel to the strange career of

## SARACO'S FAVORITE DANCING-GIRL!

The reigning favorite of the King of Holland for a short time, she was sent adrift with a bundle of what he thought was merely so much waste paper, but which turned out to be title deeds to some of the richest oil lands in West Virginia. Gossip says the wily old monarch coupled his gift with the proviso of a share in the profits, if anything ever came out of it, and that he receives a pension of \$20,000 per annum from his discarded mistress; but this is probably a canard, as her revenue was scarcely great enough for so princely a largess. She led a very quiet life after her accession to wealth, making herself conspicuous only by the quiet elegance of her equipage and the magnificence of her diamonds; and she gave choice dinners at her hotel on the Avenue de Jena, to which the best men in Paris were invited, but where never set foot of any of the

## CELEBRITIES OF THE DEMI-MONDE.

Her madness came on gradually and incomprehensibly, for she was never guilty of an excess of any kind; first, it was an affection of the eye-lids, which fell and rose automatically, without any act of volition on her part. Then the sight faded away, until at last came the conviction that total blindness was the fate in store for this female Narcissus, who used to pass hours of joy in self-admiration before her looking-glass. Arsene Houssaye has described the shock of this psychological moment of his "Nuit Parisienne," of which she is a heroine, as she is in Belot's "Mysteres Mondaines," but neither romance nor philosophy brought consolation. Explosions of ill temper succeeded fits of gloomy melancholy, until finally, after a general smashing of crockery, mirrors and cut glass decanters, because the lights on her dinner-table hurt her eyes, the great mad-doctor was summoned, and removed her to his establishment as incurable.

The old house in Howard street is still standing, wedged in with marble stores on each side of it. It was here that Pauline first put in an appearance to teach the boys their steps in the Hungarian, the polkas, the redouas, and other dances

## FASHIONABLE IN THOSE DAYS.

She was not handsome, but she was the best stepper and a graceful dancer. About the time we write of, Musard and his band came to this country and created quite a furor. The then dashing leader met the woman, who afterward bore his name, and created such a sensation in Paris and other cities in Europe. Her home was the resort of all the fashionable men of the Clubs, her pictures the best, her turnouts the most stylish, and her entertainments the most delightful.

The Turkish Ambassador, it is said, lavished vast sums of money on her, and after she gave him the go by the King of Holland took her up and gave her the West Virginia, which he thought valuable, but which afterward gave her an income enabling her to live in the style she did. It is to be regretted, and no doubt will be by those who remember her in her early days, that she has met with the sad misfortune of becoming a lunatic and shut up in an asylum.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., G. R. Ludum attempted to move his dwelling-house from ground covered by a mortgage to another lot, during the night of the 13th, but was stopped at one o'clock by an injunction.

## MISS CUMMINS' STORY.

Graphic Description of the Marshall Tragedy by the Innocent Cause of it—A Full and Exasperating Statement of the Actual Facts of the Case Which Should Lead the Coward Currie to the Scaffold Beyond peradventure, if Justice is not a Mockery in Texas.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 14.—Miss Ella Cummins, the actress, has given your correspondent the following description of the Marshall tragedy. As she assured him that no correct account of the late tragedy at Marshall, Tex., had appeared in print to her knowledge, and as, moreover, she is well-known in Cincinnati, where, at Wood's Theatre, in her first season as "leading lady," she won her maiden histrionic laurels in 1875-6, your readers may take interest in her description of the murder of "Poor Ben Porter."

We had given a matinee at Shreveport, La., at twelve o'clock, Wednesday, March 19. I will never forget that date. The three o'clock train was held for us, and we reached Marshall at about seven o'clock. All the company but Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Porter and myself took such supper as they could get at the depot hotel. We three concluded to wait until after the theatre for ours.

## AS WE HAD LUNCHEON ON THE TRAIN.

After the performance of "Diplomacy" to the only good house we had in Texas, the entire company went to the Texas and Pacific depot hotel to wait for the train at half-past two for Little Rock, Ark. Those of the company who had supped before, went to the parlors. After depositing our satchels we, Mr. Porter, Mr. Barrymore and myself, went into the eating-saloon. The counter was high, and we had to sit upon high stools to eat. Mr. Porter was upon my left, Mr. Barrymore on my right. It was just midnight. Mr. Barrymore ordered beer for me and for himself. Mr. Porter declined, saying he would take coffee. Mr. Barrymore looked in his pocket for money, and found that he had but twenty cents in change. With this he paid for the beer, and said: "I'll have to go and find Red-path (the treasurer) and get some money to take you out of pawn. I'll leave you here. Order your suppers, and I'll be back in a few minutes." He went out laughing. We were negotiating as to what we should eat, when a man, whom I now know was Currie, came in, drew the stool on which Mr. Barrymore had been sitting a little apart from me, and sat down to the counter. I glanced at him, and he returned my look impudently. He was a powerfully-built, rough-looking man, not handsome. He wore a rough, seemingly snuff-colored suit, a white shirt, I think, and

## THE INEVITABLE SLOUCH HAT.

I was alarmed at his manner, or, rather, felt out of place, I whispered to Mr. Porter, "Haden't we better go in there?" pointing, as I thought, to a more retired dining-room. Mr. Porter replied, "That is the bar-room. You are all right here." Then we turned our attention again to the supper question. Currie at first ordered some eggs, in a loud tone, saying to the attendant that he was going to eat his supper and then go to bed. So far as I could judge, he was not drunk, nor even under the influence of liquor. Mr. Porter ordered coffee and Currie did the same. I ordered some eggs and we continued to chat over our supper. I had not looked again at Currie directly, but he seemed to me to be ordering everything that we did. I may be mistaken in this. He paid for his supper, and when the proprietor handed him five cents change he said, "Keep that; do you want to insult me?" and then added, as I understood him, "Do you want to sell me a dog?" I thought this was a new way of ordering a drink, and laughed at it to Mr. Porter, after Currie had gone in the direction of the bar-room.

## THROUGH THE LATTICE DOOR.

Mr. Barrymore about this moment returned, took his seat and said, pointing to the remains of Currie's supper, "What is this?" I said, "Some man had some supper and is gone." Currie just then passed back through the room and went out the other way. I called Barrymore up and was telling him about the expression, "selling a dog," when Currie again came in and said to Mr. Porter, who was leaning his face on his hands, "What did you do that to me for?" Porter turned and said, "Did you speak to me?" Currie replied, "Yes; and I want to know what you did that for?" making a peculiar motion of his hand and arm past his head and ear. Porter replied, "I wasn't thinking of you, sir; we were talking among ourselves." Currie replied, calling Porter a G-d-d-d liar, a G-d-d-d st-r and a G-d-d-d s-n of a b-h. Mr. Porter said: "Be careful; don't talk that way; there is a lady present." "A lady?" Currie replied with a sneer: "Well, I don't know." Mr. Barrymore then turned to the proprietor and said, "Is this the sort of a place you keep? Cannot quiet people come in here and sup without being insulted?" Harvey said, "Oh, he's all right;

## DON'T MIND HIM.

"Jim, go home and go to bed." I said to both the gentlemen with me, "Be quiet; please don't answer him." Porter said, "Go away. We don't know you. We want to be quiet. We want to eat our supper." Currie said, "Come outside and settle it." Porter said, "I'll meet you by and by; I want to eat my supper now." Then Currie said to Barrymore, "Perhaps you want to take up this quarrel?" I had noticed that all this time he had his hand on his pistol. Barrymore replied, "I can't fight with you; I have neither knife nor pistol." Currie said, "Neither have I," swaggering up to Barrymore. Barrymore replied, "Will you swear that?" and Currie responded, "Yes." Barrymore said, "Then I'll meet you," and jumped off the stool and began to take his two coats off together. Almost before he could get them off, Currie aimed deliberately at his heart. We were now all on our feet, and I seized Mr. Barrymore's right arm. He threw me off, and the motion saved him, as the pistol muzzle was close to his body, and could not have missed its cool aim. The pistol was a self-cocker, and the firing so rapid

that to give the order of events is almost impossible. I only remember the man wheeled and fired at Porter before he had finished his cry—

"DON'T SHOOT ME; I AM UNARMED!"

Porter grasped his wound with both hands and ran out. The man then fired at Barrymore, who was going out the back door, this shot missing, as it proved, and lodging in the wainscoting. He fired again, following Porter out. I was alone, the proprietor having disappeared. I started out to go after Mr. Barrymore and met him returning. I said, "Don't go in again." He was very pale, and hurried behind the counter, evidently hunting a refuge. I was still in the back doorway when Currie returned. He pointed two pistols at me. I gasped, "Oh, please, sir, don't." Barrymore said, "Don't you see I am unarmed? I can't fight you." Currie said, "Have you had enough?" Mr. Barrymore again ran out of the back door, and I after him. He went over a six-foot fence, and I understand it was for the second time. After some difficulty he was persuaded to come back, and we got him up-stairs into a bed-room over the saloon. For nearly two hours afterward, as we attended upon Barrymore, I could hear Currie's voice, evidently at large, in carousal. I did not dare to go to see poor Porter before he died.

This is the statement of Miss Cummins, as she assures us she will make it substantially upon the witness stand.

## VICTIM OF TWO VILLAINS.

Sad Story of the Blasted Life of a Former Belle of the Oil Regions, Through the Rascality of Her Two Husbands.

Eight years ago there resided in Bradford, Pa., a young girl named Susie Easton. Her parents, with whom she lived, were not in affluent circumstances, but did not lack for the necessities and comforts of life. Bradford was at that time a country village, sequestered 'neath the hill and, it would be supposed, away from the contaminating influences of the world; but as there was wickedness in the garden, and no nook or corner, no matter how secluded in the wide-world, is free from the influence of the serpent, so it was in this case. Susie was at that time in first budding freshness of womanhood. Her cheeks showed the flush of health and happiness, and she was considered the belle of the town. All of our old settlers remember her, and that none were more light-hearted and gay at festival or picnic. At that time there resided in the village a young man who obtained his living in a mysterious way, a sort of sport-about-town, looked upon by the wise heads as a never-dowell. This young man met Susie at a public gathering, was fascinated with her, and

## COMMENCED PAYING HIS ATTENTION.

The young girl was nothing loth at receiving them, and, as is frequently the case, failed to discover in the black-tongued adventurer the blackness which lay below his polished exterior and broadcloth.

At last, after being a regular attendant upon the young lady for some months, marriage was proposed. To this the parents were strenuously opposed, but it was all of no avail, and Susie married the man of her choice. From this time forward her life was unsettled and miserable. She soon discovered the character of the villain to whom she had given her affections, and knew him in his true colors. Of course, in such a union, harmony was impossible. The man subjected her to indignities which no woman could endure, and

## EVEN BEAT HER.

After a four years' experience of this life the husband suddenly deserted her, and she who had been driven to desperation by his conduct, commenced to receive the courtesies of Theo. Palen, a young drug-clerk in the village. This went on for some weeks, to the great scandalization of the virtuous and respectable, until finally Susie cast her lot with his, and together they eloped.

From that time, four years ago, until a few days past, nothing definite was heard of her or her paramour, although it was rumored by some that they had gone to Texas, and from there had wandered to the Pacific slope. What her sufferings were during these years of weary travel no one knows, but that they must have been intense is amply testified by

## HER PRESENT APPEARANCE.

The companion of her flight basely deserted her (as they always do), and she was left alone in a far-off country to do battle with a world, penniless and inexperienced, suffering bitterly from privation and want, and drinking to the dregs the fruits of the cup she had partaken.

And this is the result: Last week Susie suddenly made her appearance in Bradford, coming from no one knows where, and went to the home of her mother, who yet resides here. But in what a pitiable condition did she return to the home of her childhood! She comes back a sorrowing, broken-down woman, prematurely old and crazed in intellect. The past is to her a dream—even the terrible afflictions which have made her such a wreck are not remembered. Although lacking in intelligence, she is harmless, her insanity taking a mild form, and she now receives the kind attention of her mother and friends.

Of the two rascals who blasted her life, nothing has been heard.

## A Young Trapper's Crime.

Dubuque, Iowa, April 13.—A special from Pomeroy, Iowa, says: "Last Friday a man eighteen years of age, giving his name as Frank Dunn, engaged in trapping in Calhoun county the past winter, went to the house of George Smith, in that county, with a revolver in his hand, and demanded that Mrs. Smith, who was alone in the house, should submit to his lustful desires. She ran out of the house, he following her. He caught her and, forcing her back into the house, outraged her and escaped. Smith, returning and learning of what had occurred, gave chase, overtook Dunn, and has him in jail in Fort Dodge, where he will be held for trial. Dunn has just served a term in the reform school.



## Katie Hanson's Romance.

The Waverly (N. Y.) *Advocate* publishes a lively romance about Katie Hanson, who left her Tioga county (Pa.) home when a young woman to get rid of the attentions of a boorish lover her parents did not like. She donned male attire, and obtained the position of head cook on a first-class boat plying between Detroit and Buffalo. This position pleased her, and she retained it for a long time. In the meantime her parents had resorted to every means to find her. They searched far and near, advertised, &c. The fear that she had gone to the bad weighed upon them. One day while Katie was in Buffalo, marketing for the steamboat cook-room, she picked up a paper and read the advertisement describing her appearance. This alarmed her, but her alarm turned to positive fear when, shortly afterward, she saw her father and a policeman enter a low place on the very street along which she was walking with her market-basket on her arm. She hurriedly made her purchases and returned to the vessel. The thought that her father suspected her of dishonoring him by becoming the inmate of such a place as he entered was agonizing, and in order to undeceive him she almost determined to throw off her disguise and return to her mourning parents. But stubbornness prevailed, and she preferred that all her suffering should continue rather than abandon her purpose of forsaking all who formerly knew her. When her boat returned to Detroit she gave up her situation and went to Cincinnati, where she obtained employment as cook on a boat running on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The life was rough, and she often longed for the comforts of her old home, but she remained until the breaking out of the war in 1861, when she enlisted as a private. She afterward was promoted to sergeant, and in 1864 was in General Thomas's division at Nashville. One day her captain, whose name was Hopkins, and who was afterward promoted to major, halted her as she was returning from stationing a squad of pickets. Looking at her sharply, he asked her if she was not a woman. The hot blood mounted to her cheeks. She confessed that she was. The captain said he had long suspected it. She pleaded with him not to reveal her secret, but he said General Thomas must know it, and the captain and sergeant Katie were soon before him. He sent her to the rear in the hospital, where she again donned the costume of her sex, and her duty until the close of the war was to nurse the sick and wounded. When the war ended she married the captain. Drawing from a bank the money she had saved as a steamboat cook, they went to the island of Cuba, in the interior of which they bought a handsome plantation, where they now reside with their two children. In this retreat they were found by Colonel Wilson, of Philadelphia, in 1876, and Mrs. Hopkins, once little Katie, implored him to let her parents know of her whereabouts and condition, and to convey to them the assurance of her deep love to them still. She had been brave in everything else, but when it came to writing to her wronged parents and explaining everything, she admitted that she was a coward. But she proposes to visit them this summer.

## Awful Story of the Grave.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some employes of the Pittsburgh, Titusville and Buffalo Railroad related a strange and horrible story on the 9th. It seems a man died last week at Triumph, a small place not far from Tidouche. The body was kept three days and at the expiration of that time buried. Then some curious person remembered that a sister of the deceased had lain in a death-like trance for several days. It was suggested that perhaps the man had been prematurely buried. This suspicion took so strong a hold upon the people that it was resolved to exhume the body, and the coffin was disinterred Saturday, 5th inst., after having laid three days in the grave. The lid was wrenched off, when a horrible sight greeted the eyes of the resurrectionists. Evidently the supposed corpse had revived,



MISS HELEN GRAYSON, OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.—See PAGE 2.  
(Photographed by Edsall.)

and the wretched man had fought desperately for his life. Imprints of his finger-nails were visible on the lining of the coffin, which in some places was torn into shreds. The coffin itself was strained and wrenched apart at the joinings in the death agonies of the miserable man who was buried alive. He had turned completely over, and was found lying upon his breast, his distorted countenance indicating the frightful sufferings he had undergone.

## A Petrified Printer.

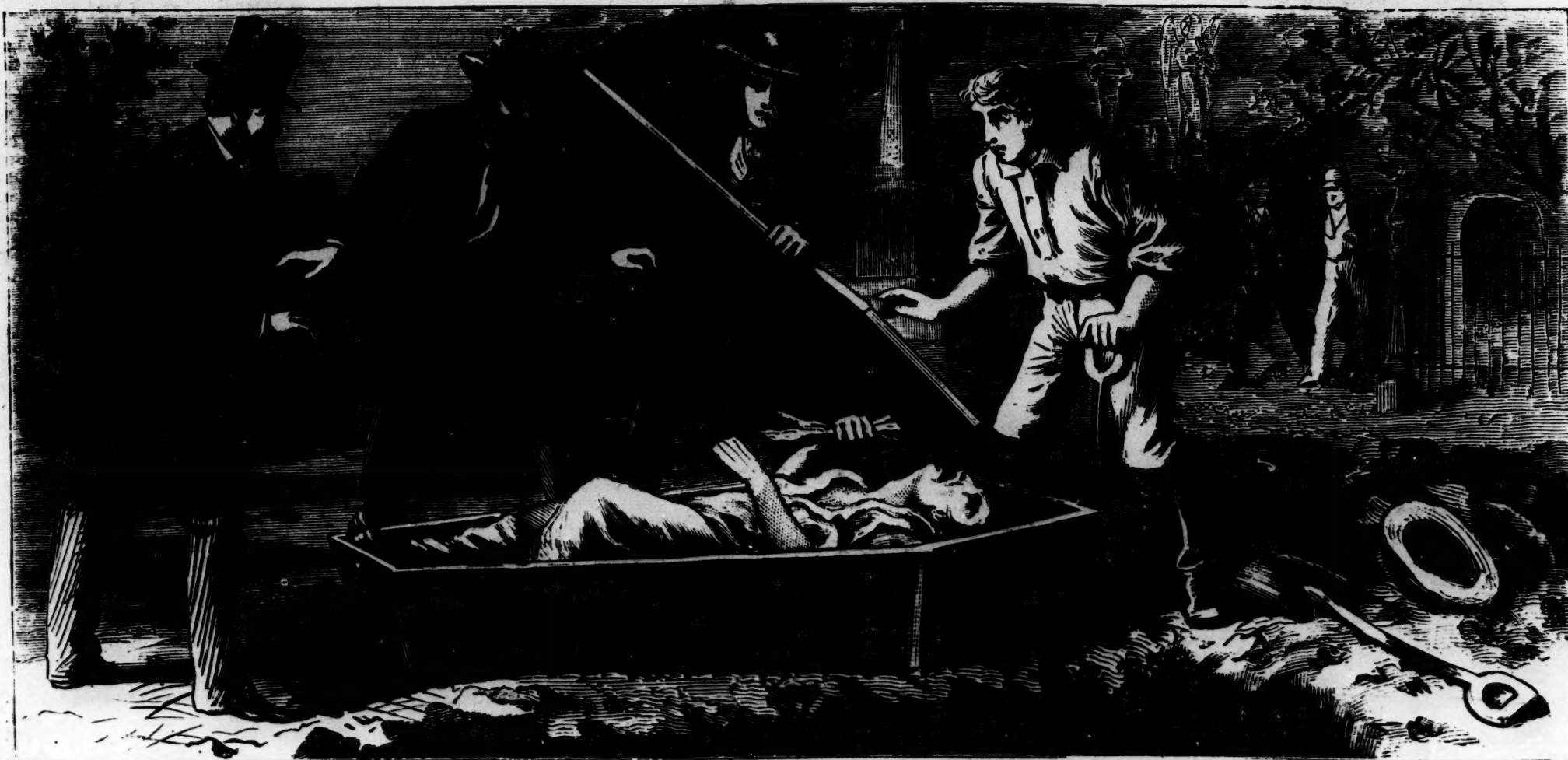
The Harrisburg *Patriot* says: Benjamin Slingerly, formerly proprietor of the *Daily State Journal*, and state printer for a term of years, who died suddenly after traveling from Philadelphia to Pittsburg one very hot day, about two years ago, was a very heavy man, weighing from 350 to 400 pounds. He was interred at Pittsburg. A few weeks ago the relatives of Mr. Slingerly made preparations to have him resurrected and taken to Philadelphia, where his parents and other relatives are buried. When the hands to whom the work was intrusted dug down to the top of the casket, they were surprised to find that no offensive odor prevailed. The rough box was opened, but the attempt to remove the casket from it was ineffectual, on account of its extraordinary weight. This created considerable surprise, and it was at last suggested to open the casket. An undertaker was intrusted with the job, and when the lid was removed the face and body were found to have undergone petrification—had assumed the color of yellow marble, and the entire face and form seemed as one mass of marble chiseled from a block—not one of the features or lineaments was out of place or unnatural in the slightest degree. The body was raised from the grave by means of a block and fall, and was found to weigh, when weighed for transportation to Philadelphia, 980 pounds!

## Love and Suicide.

CHESTER, Pa., April 8.—The little village of Linwood, in this (Delaware) county, was considerably excited when it got out of bed this morning to learn that Andrew Jones, an employe of General R. M. Burton, had shot himself with an army revolver a few hours after midnight. Andrew was in love with a young girl named Lizzie Welsh, a domestic in the same house. Lizzie did not return Andrew's tender feeling, and told him so some weeks ago. Last night he requested her to sit up late with him, as he had something to say to her. She reluctantly consented. At about midnight he again asked her to marry him, saying that if she refused he would kill himself. She began to cry, and he started out the door on a run. In the meantime George Potter, a man living on a neighboring farm, who had come to sleep with Jones, and had gone to bed, had come down-stairs in response to a call from Lizzie, and when Andrew left the house they followed him. After running across two fields the latter put the revolver to his head and fired and dropped dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

## A Thief's Plea.

Mary De Plainval, a comely and fashionable miss of seventeen, was passing along Sixth avenue on the 15th, when a tug at her sash brought her about in time to see a thief making off with her purse. The plucky girl lost no time to summon an officer, but, gathering her skirts in her hand, she dashed after the fugitive. In spite of the latter being unencumbered and going at the top of his speed, she kept well up with him, and Seventeenth street was electrified for a few moments by a most phenomenal chase. The young lady had almost closed upon the flying pick-pocket when Officer Dusenbury cut short his career. At the Jefferson Market Police Court, where he said his name was Harry Wilson, and he lived at 88 Chrystie street, Justice Wandell committed him in \$1,000, at the same time complimenting the fair captor on her energy and persistence.



AN AWFUL STORY OF THE GRAVE—THE FACT OF THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MAN WHO HAD LAIN IN A TRANCE REVEALED BEYOND DOUBT BY THE DISINTERMENT OF HIS BODY, AT TRIUMPH, PA.



**Desperate Fight at Sea.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ship Isaac Webb, of the Black Ball Line of vessels, arrived in this port on the night of the 4th, from Liverpool, with her boatswain, Herbert Bellows, in irons. He was handed over to Officer Johnson, of the Fourth Precinct, and was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields on a charge of assaulting the second mate, Richard P. Davis, with a capstan-bar.

The second mate told his story as follows: On the 1st of April, about four o'clock A. M., when about one



SANFORD H. GODELL, A FOURTEEN-YEAR OLD MISSING BOY, PEORIA, ILL.

hundred and fifty miles off Sandy Hook, a gale was blowing, and while the men were taking in sail, and without the slightest provocation, Bellows came up to him and hit him with his fist, knocking him down. Davis ran into the cabin and procured a revolver, and then came on deck. In the meantime Bellows had armed himself with a capstan-bar and was on the fore-castle. On seeing Davis coming forward he ran at him and attempted to strike him, but Davis closed with him, and a desperate struggle ensued. Then Davis attempted to retreat from the fore-castle, and as he was descending the ladder he says that Bellows again attacked him. Then, in self-defense, he fired two shots at Bellows, but missed him both times. Davis then retreated aft and met the captain, and told him of the occurrence. While he was talking to him, Bellows ran aft and attempted to strike him again. Then Davis fired a third shot, but missed again. The ball, however, took effect in the shoulder of one of the seamen. Bellows was disarmed finally, and put into irons until the ship arrived in port.

Bellows' story is entirely different. He says: "The ship was in a gale, and I came on deck to assist. The first mate, O'Brien, and the second mate, Davis, were fighting with each other as to what ought to be done. The captain cried out to haul up the mainsail. Then he told me to haul away on the leach line, and I was doing so when the second mate told me to belay it. I asked what was the matter, and he told me to



NICHOLAS MICHAEL, ALIAS JOHN PLUTOS, MURDERER OF "JOHNNY THE GREEK," SAN FRANCISCO.

keep my mouth shut, and then he came toward me to strike me. I hit him in self-defense with my fist and knocked him down. He got up and said, 'I'll shoot you,' and ran into his cabin for a pistol. I was forward on the fore-castle when he came out with his pistol in his hand. He came up on the fore-castle and told me to go aft, as the captain wanted me. I had the capstan-bar in my hand, and I refused to go aft, as I was busy. Then, as he was getting off the fore-castle-ladder, he fired two shots at me and ran away. I then went aft, and met the captain with Davis. Several of the men came around me, and I gave them the capstan-bar. Just then Davis, who stood behind the captain, fired at me, and the ball hit one of the sailors. I only struck Davis once with my fist in self-



MRS. MARTHA COLLINS' ALLEGED ACT OF INTOXICATED FRENZY IN DRIVING HER FRIGHTENED CHILDREN OUT OF DOORS WITH A PISTOL, IN PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 7.



MISS EMMA GREENWOOD'S TERRIBLE DEATH CAUSED BY HER DRESS CATCHING FIRE FROM BURNING CORN STALKS, AT CARTHAGE, TEX.

defense. I was put in irons three hours afterward by Captain W. W. Wigenbart."

**A Curious Case.**

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 12.—Suit was begun here to-day by Miss Charlotte Bruce, a maiden lady of this city, against John B. Gibson, proprietor of the Gibson House, for breach of promise. Miss Bruce claims \$50,000 for her blasted hopes. She alleges that she and Gibson became engaged in October, 1865, and that the engagement ran on till October, 1878, when he told her it must be broken off, because his parents



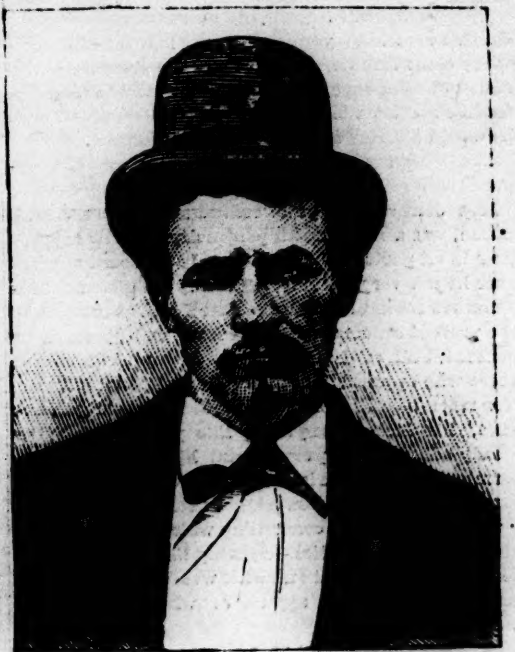
HENRY WILLIAMS, A MISSING MAN, OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.

objected. This is the funny part of the plaintiff's statement, inasmuch as the defendant is a bachelor of forty-five. She says Gibson offered her \$50,000 to release him, which she accepted, and he drew notes to that amount in sums of \$5,000 and \$10,000, which he delivered to her. Shortly afterward, plaintiff alleges, Gibson met her in New York, and by again promising to marry her recovered back the notes. She accordingly sues for that amount. The woman's story about the promissory notes is considered by everybody to be very doubtful and improbable. Mr. Gibson is a man of good family, and is in good standing here, well and favorably known to the traveling public, and reputed to be very wealthy. Miss Bruce has for many years been associated in the dress departments of John Shillito's, Lewis & Livingston's, and Andrews' dry-goods establishments.

**A Crime Unearthed.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Shenandoah, Schuykill county, Pa., on two occasions, dogs were seen howling and scratching in a vacant lot next to a house occupied by Mrs. Mary Harte, said to be a woman of questionable character. Search was at last made, and a few inches below the surface of the earth a bucket was found, in which was the corpse of an infant, rolled in a blanket. An inquest was held, and a son of Mrs. Harte testified that his mother had given him the bucket to bury, but he



JOHN TAYLOR, ALIAS FLYNN, UNDER SENTENCE FOR RAPE AND ATTEMPTED MURDER, IN CHICAGO.

did not know what it contained. The jury believed the child to have been stowed away in the house of Mrs. Harte; but at last accounts she had not been arrested.

**A Young Girl's Terrible Death.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

CARTHAGE, TEXAS, April 8.—Miss Emma Greenwood, aged thirteen, daughter of farmer George Greenwood, was burned to death by her dress catching from a pile of burning corn-stalks. Her father ran to her, but too late. A strong south wind blew the flames all around her.

The St. Louis grand jury has indicted all owners, venders and attaches of the Missouri State Lottery.



## SAN FRANCISCO SENSATION.

The Murder of Josiah Bacon, a Crime which Recalls, in Many Respects, the Famous Webster-Parkman Tragedy.

### A QUICK SOLUTION FOUND

To what at First Appeared to be a Dark Mystery of Crime, by the Confession of Dr. Chalfant.

### CURIOUS ATTENDANT CIRCUMSTANCES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston, Mass., April 15.—Perhaps no similar event since the murder of Dr. Parkman by Prof. Webster, thirty years ago, has excited so much interest in Boston as the report that Josiah Bacon, the famous treasurer and active business man of the Goodyear Dental Vulcanite Company was murdered yesterday in San Francisco by a dentist of that city. Indeed, if the theory of the San Francisco police be correct, and Dr. Chalfant was the murderer, the circumstances of this tragedy and those of the Webster-Parkman murder are much alike, as also the social and business relations of the parties to the two crimes. Prof. Webster owed Dr. Parkman money and killed his creditor, while the two were alone in a room, probably in the heat of a quarrel over the debt. Parkman had pursued Webster with much acrimony in endeavoring to collect his claim, and it was probably under just such provocation that Dr. Chalfant killed Bacon. After his arrest Prof. Webster swallowed strichnine that he carried with him for just such a contingency, but was

SAVED BY PROMPT ANTIDOTES. and it would appear that Chalfant killed himself after the murder of Bacon. All this, of course, in the presumption that the theory of Dr. Chalfant's guilt is correct.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bacon's dead body was found on the floor of his room, in Baldwin's Hotel, yesterday afternoon, with a pistol-shot wound in the abdomen. He had been dead several hours. No firearm was found in his rooms, and his clothing was not burned where the ball entered. A stranger inquired for Bacon's room, and it is presumed, went there on Sunday morning, since which time nothing has been seen of him. Bacon's business was to look after a litigation on behalf of the patent rights of the company he represented. At first the death of Mr. Bacon was thought to have been a possible suicide, but even before the receipt of the later news to-day public opinion had accepted it as a murder under

#### VERY PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Indeed, the assertion was boldly made that such must have been the fact, and reports of previous threats by dentists against his life were freely circulated. This belief speedily gained in volume, in detail, and in proof. Dentists spoke most freely upon the subject, and some of them declared that for years Bacon's life had been in danger, not only in San Francisco, but in many other large cities throughout the country. The reason for the belief was founded upon the fact that Mr. Bacon had so oppressed hundreds of the profession that their business had been ruined, and their lives embittered in consequence. A single instance of this, occurring at the office of a Boston dentist some two or three years ago, serves to illustrate the probability that Bacon was murdered by a dentist, actuated by revenge against the man who had so closely

#### FOLLOWED HIM TO HIS BUSINESS RUIN.

On this occasion a young man who had failed in dentistry came into the office of an acquaintance in a state of insane rage, and swore with many bitter oaths that he had been terribly wronged by Bacon, and that he would kill him if ever opportunity offered.

The Goodyear Dental Vulcanite Company is a corporation familiar in every city, village and hamlet where dentistry is practiced. Its treasurer, Josiah Bacon, was a man known personally and by reputation in all parts of the country. In personal appearance he was very striking, and many had noted in him a marked resemblance to the Czar Nicholas, father of the present autocrat of all the Russias. By common consent, both of those who stood to support him and those who opposed him in his lifework, Josiah Bacon also resembled Nicholas in his indomitable persistence, his lack of anything like personal fear, his steady adherence to purpose and his invincible determination to gain his end, whatever might be the consequences. His lifework has been to sustain the "vulcanite patent," concerning which there has been almost endless litigation—fighting the enemies of extension at every point and with wonderful quickness, making the warfare aggressive when there was a stronghold of law or

#### PRECEDENT TO BE CAPTURED.

In his special department of the business, that of collecting royalties for the use of hard rubber or vulcanite in making plates for false teeth, he antagonized the 10,000 dentists in this country by exacting from them sums of money which they are legally bound to pay under judgment of court, but which were nevertheless generally regarded by them as unjust and extortionate in character. A bitter feeling of enmity against Josiah Bacon was thus engendered, intensified, doubtless, by the persistent and uncompromising spirit of the man. To gain his object and the ends of the company, many hundreds of suits have been brought against those who refused to pay the licenses required as royalties. "Many men," avers one dentist, "have Josiah Bacon's proceedings worried into the grave."

When the old Goodyear patent expired by limitation, there was a general rejoicing among the practicing dentists of the country, who believed that henceforth they would be freed from paying royalty for the use of hard rubber for plates. It was in the application of rubber to do so that the great majority of practitioners expected

#### FIND MOST EXTENSIVE BUSINESS.

The use of rubber does not require such special knowledge as of gold and silver in dentistry, while it was obvious that the general public would prefer to buy rubber sets, at a cost not exceeding \$10, to those made of much more expensive metals. But by a brilliant move, executed by Josiah Bacon, the tables were turned upon the dentists, and the exaction of royalties was continued. It is said that Josiah Bacon was accustomed to keep records of conversations had with dentists from time to time (and his works carried him all over the country); that he afterward utilized these transcripts as "true records" to all intents and purposes in bringings his suits. No man had better facilities for knowing the extent of the business of dentistry in America than he, and no man knew better how to turn to advantage the information received. In the ordinary course of business, in ordinary times, it was easy to ascertain from the books of a dentist, or from the amount of orders given for material, how much royalty was paid in individual cases. From the data thus obtained it is easy to see how a schedule of rates could be arranged, and Josiah Bacon, with his usual sagacity, devised, it is said, a grade tariff, varying from \$60 to \$600 a year royalty. One great cause of complaint seems to have been that this tariff was adhered to, once fixed, without regard to falling off in business or other change in

#### THE AFFAIRS OF THE PRACTITIONER.

If the license fee asked was refused, a suit was brought, and oftentimes it seems to have been compromised, the dentist paying the fee asked as a matter of economy.

Individual efforts to resist the royalty failing, the battle was taken up by the Celluloid Company, and the record of the war between these two corporations is one of the most interesting in legal history. Carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, on appeal from the Circuit Court of Massachusetts, the long litigation regarding vulcanite was settled in favor of the validity of the patent, but it was by no means a unanimous decision. The minority of the bench, Justices Bradley, Miller and Field, agreed that the application for the patent in 1864 was new and independent, and should be treated as such, and as the public had enjoyed the use of the invention for more than two years previous to this application, the patent should be declared invalid. Their opinion met the hearty approval of thousands of dentists when it declared that the levy of a tribute on those dentists who had brought the plate into public notice would be a species of injustice. But the decision of the majority of the judges being against the contestants, the grievances were only intensified by this minority opinion, and were swollen by rumors regarding "influence" with the Supreme Court, inevitable, perhaps, and wholly groundless, but which certainly

#### GAINED WIDE CIRCULATION.

Such statements, coupled with the fact that Josiah Bacon never hesitated to speak of the immense revenue gained by the royalties obtained, added to the general feeling against Mr. Bacon, and especially since the dullness in the business began.

Bacon was once in business on the Pacific slope, and acquired with readiness the bold and undaunted methods in vogue there. About a year since he went to California to press in his usual way collections of license fees and royalties. After his return Mr. Caduc, an agent of the Goodyear Dental Vulcanite Company, was in San Francisco, and was there told that if Bacon came out again to institute suits, as he had threatened to do if certain dentists did not pay up, he would be shot. On Mr. Caduc's return here he told Mr. Bacon of the threats, but the latter, with officers of the company, gave the matter little or no attention. Mr. Bacon left Boston March 18th, intending to go to San Francisco to press the collection of royalties from a large number of debtors, including some forty dentists, whom he would have to sue in order to get his money. He stopped in Cincinnati and Chicago on the way, and arrived in San Francisco about the first of the present month. The company here received various dispatches indicating that collections were very difficult. The tidings of his death greatly startled his business associates, and already orders have been sent for the body to be embalmed and sent to Boston.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 16.—Dr. Chalfant, the murderer of Josiah Bacon, surrendered himself at the Central police station this morning, and made the following statement of the circumstances connected with his crime:

"On Friday last Bacon brought suit against me for the infringement of a patent; subjected me to a very harsh examination in court, and threatened to have me committed for contempt. I was much exercised in mind over the matter and called at Baldwin's Hotel several times to see Bacon about it. I did not see him until Sunday morning about nine o'clock. At first the interview proceeded moderately, but Bacon soon changed his tone and became

#### VERY OVERBEARING AND ARROGANT.

In the excited state of my feelings I drew a pistol from my pocket with a view of compelling respectful treatment, but with no intention of firing at him. Harsh words followed, the dispute waxed warm and in my excitement the pistol went off. How I hardly knew; but not with intention on my part. Bacon fell; I ran to him and raised his head. He said "Don't," He rose to his feet and fell again and instantly expired. I remained in the room a few minutes, expecting the people in the house would hear the shot and come at once to the room. No one came. I found the hall outside deserted and, suppressing the first impulse to report the case at the office of the hotel, went to the police station to give myself up. I found no one in the upper office, and not being familiar with the building, left after awhile and walked about the streets scarcely knowing where, until I found myself near the railroad warehouses in the southern portion of the city. I sat down there and remained nearly all day, then went to the Sacramento House on Third street, where I remained until this morning."

Chalfant has the appearance of one who has suffered greatly from mental distress, but tells his story in a straightforward, manly way that induces belief on the part of Detective Lees, to whom the statement was made.

## A SHOT AT THE CZAR.

Daring Attempt of a Desperate Nihilist to Assassinate the Russian Monarch in His Palace Garden.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LONDON, April 14.—A dispatch, from St. Petersburg, says the city was thrown into a state of violent agitation this morning by the announcement that an attempt had been made to kill the Czar. His Majesty, while walking in the palace grounds this morning, was shot at five times. Fortunately the Czar was not wounded. The would-be assassin was captured. There is intense excitement over the attempted assassination, and there is much rejoicing over the Czar's escape from injury. The assassin, who had made his way into the garden by means of a key to a private door, and who had been in the grounds for some time, stepped from behind some shrubs that had concealed him, with his revolver already drawn, and

#### INSTANTLY BEGAN FIRING.

He discharged five shots in rapid succession, none of them taking effect. He was then seized and disarmed by the Emperor's attendants, who were following him, but too far off to reach him before the shots were fired. The most contradictory rumors are in circulation in St. Petersburg concerning the affair, and even the name and nationality of the man are in dispute. The police authorities of the palace have thus far refused to give any information concerning the matter. Dispatches of congratulation from the various courts of Europe are being received by the Czar.

After each of the recent attempts, whether successful or not, upon the lives of subordinates, the Czar is said to have received a warning that his turn would come next unless he began the work of redressing the intolerable wrongs under which the writers of these letters insisted that the Russian people were suffering. Some of the letters bore the London post-mark, and they were sent hither for the purpose, if possible, of

#### TRACING OUT THE WRITERS.

They were written in a delicate feminine hand. One of them was in French, the others in English and Russian. The English detectives failed to find a definite clue to the authorship of the letters, although there is a report that they were once satisfied that they had traced them to a Russian house of great respectability in business here. The receipt of these missives gave the Czar himself little uneasiness, as he is possessed of great physical and moral courage, and is imbued with a spirit of fatalism which leads him to the belief that he cannot be killed until his destiny is fully accomplished.

This is the third attempt that has been made on the Czar's life. The first occurred April 16, 1866, when he was fired at on entering his carriage at St. Petersburg. On this occasion the pistol was turned aside by a workman named Dimitri Korakosov, who was afterward enabled for the act. The second attempt was made at Paris, June 6, 1867, by Berezowski, a Pole, who fired into the carriage in which the Czar was seated with his two sons and the Emperor Napoleon. Both their Majesties escaped unhurt, but the horse of one of the escort was wounded. The assassin was about to fire another shot, when the pistol-barrel burst,

#### DESTROYING THE USE OF HIS RIGHT HAND.

Within a short time past three other royal personages have been made the objects of like attempts at regicide, viz.: William of Germany, Alfonso of Spain, and Humbert of Italy. The Kaiser is the only one of the four monarchs who has been seriously injured by these attacks. The Czar has been haunted for years by the fear of assassination. The city of St. Petersburg has been decorated in honor of the Czar's escape.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—The Department of State to-day received a telegram from the United States Charge d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, Colonel Wickham Hoffman, announcing that an attempt was made on the Russian Emperor's life this morning while his Majesty was walking in the grounds of the Imperial Palace. The would-be assassin discharged five shots at the Czar, fortunately without effect his Majesty being untouched. The assassin was arrested. Secretary Evarts this afternoon telegraphed to the United States Minister to Russia, Mr. Stroughton, directing him to convey to the Czar the President's congratulations upon his escape from the attempted assassination this morning.

#### WHO THE ASSAILANT IS.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 16.—The name of the would-be assassin of the Emperor is Alexander Solovieff. He is a school-master of Torgpe, in the Government of Pleskov. He will be tried by the highest criminal tribunal, and the prosecutor-general, Senator Leontieff, charged with the preliminary inquiry, has already begun his labors. The belief that the prisoner took poison is erroneous. He was severely injured by the populace, who would have killed him but for the intervention of the police.

Replying to a congratulatory address of the Marshal of the Nobility, the Emperor to-day said he wished to act in accordance with the laws; but the audacity of the recent attempts at assassination forced him against his own will to take extraordinary measures not for himself but for all, for society, for Russia.

This seems to corroborate the current belief that the attempt on the Emperor's life will be followed by terribly repressive measures.

#### A Preacher's Alleged Villainy and Its Result.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, April 10.—John Bell, station-agent on the Central Railroad, at Gifford, telegraphed to the main office in this city, two days ago, that a man should be immediately sent to relieve him, as he intended to kill himself. The message was treated as a joke, but within an hour Bell shot himself, after killing a young woman whom he loved. He died of his wound to-day. The tragedy was the outcome of a religious revival in Gifford. The Rev. John Houghworth, an Advent evangelist, went to that place six weeks ago, began to hold daily meetings, and soon he had the neighborhood in a state of excitement. He was thirty-five years of age, and eloquent. Converts were numerous, and on Saturday last (the Adventist's

Sabbath) he baptized fourteen persons by immersion. Immediately after this ceremony he was seen by Bell slyly handing a note to Eva Roberts, who had been foremost in admiring attention to the popular preacher. She was the daughter of a leading member of the church, and had, by her sweet singing of Sankey and Bliss's hymns, contributed much toward the success of the revival. Bell was her accepted suitor, and expected to become her husband. Hence he felt a personal interest in the note that the preacher handed to her. His jealousy had already been aroused, and, on finding this new indication of intimacy between the pair, he resolved to watch them closely.

On the same afternoon the Rev. Mr. Houghworth drove away from Gifford. He said that he had been absent so long from his wife and little ones that he really must visit them at his home in Liscomb, thirty miles distant. He would return in a few days, however, and resume his revival work with probably renewed vigor. Soon afterward Miss Roberts gave a letter to Bell to post. It was addressed to some unknown name in Liscomb, and the jealous Bell suspected that it was really for Houghworth. He opened it and read the details of a plan for a meeting between the clergyman and the girl. They were to make a brief trip as husband and wife, she pretending to visit relatives and he telling his family that he had returned to Gifford. Bell reread and mailed the letter, and let his sweetheart go unhindered to meet Houghworth.

Miss Roberts came home in a train on Monday morning. Bell, who was on duty in the station, helped her out of the car and said that he wanted a talk with her. By that time he had made up his mind what to do. A daybreak he had been seen cleaning a long unused revolver and firing at a mark. He had also sent, just before the arrival of the train, the dispatch above spoken of. The girl walked with him a short distance down the track, and then he put the revolver to her heart and killed her instantly. Then he shot himself, fired two more bullets into her body, lay down by her side, took her in his arms, and waited for death. His own wound, however, did not kill until two days later.

#### PRAYERS AND PISTOLS.

Another Odd Phase of Texas Murder Eccentricities as Developed in a Lively Scene at a Prayer-Meeting.

STEPHENSVILLE, Texas, April 12.—The particulars, as near as can be ascertained, of the late shooting and murder in this region appear to be as follows: This (Erath) county is one of the most recently settled in Texas, and is still regarded as one of the frontier counties. One of the oldest residents of the county is J. P. Holloway, who has heretofore passed as a quiet and orderly citizen, his family consisting of several sons and a daughter. It so happened that the county officials had papers of Rusk Holloway, one of old man Holloway's sons. Previously to executing them, however, Deputy Sheriff W. H. King duly summoned three citizens—M. D. Robertson, J. T. Ross and Eli Kesh—to assist in the service. Late in the evening Deputy King and party left the village of Stephenville and rode out some miles to the residence of old man Holloway, where they arrived in the midst of a prayer-meeting in full blast. The deputy entered among the worshippers and inquired for Rusk Holloway, who was pointed out to him.

The deputy, then walking up to the young man, said: "Rusk, I have papers for you for unlawfully carrying a pistol, but it is too dark to read them, and I will state to you their substance."

#### "HAVE YOU ANY ARMS ON YOUR PERSON?"

"Yes, but none of your sort will get them," answered Rusk Holloway, at the same time throwing back his coat and retreating. In a twinkling the deputy was surrounded by his enemies, and Joe Holloway, a brother of Rusk, rushed up, seized one of the latter's pistols, at the same time drawing it. The official party now saw their danger. Ross, one of the sheriff's party, threw up his hands and called for peace. Paying no attention to the request, Rusk Holloway began shooting. For a few minutes it was like the skirmish of a small battle. King and his friend, Robertson, ran around the house. Just as he turned the corner a bullet struck him and the unfortunate man, throwing up his hands, staggered a few paces and fell, the blood at the same time trickling out of the gory wound and flowing down his clothes. He was shot through, and breathed his last just as Deputy King, under a heavy fire and the swift crack of pistols, stooped down and

#### ASKED HIM IF HE WAS HURT.

The fight now amounted to a regular battle. The voice of prayer was hushed in the whiz of bullets and the bang! bang! bang! of guns and pistols. In the meantime the smoke of gunpowder and the groans of the wounded and dying ascended together. Keith and Rose, in the midst of a shower of bullets, ran quickly around the opposite side of the house. Just as he reached a small tree Ross fell, pierced by a ball. But with the six-shooter still in his hand the doomed victim rose to his knees, clung to the tree with one hand and tried to shoot with the other. At this moment old man Holloway and his daughter appeared on the scene of carnage, and, hastening to where Ross laid clinging to the tree, demanded the surrender of his six-shooter. Ross replied that he might have it provided he would let him take out the

#### ONE REMAINING CARTRIDGE.

Holloway and his daughter, the eyes of the girl flaming and her long hair floating on the south wind, which blew away the smoke of the fight, then seized the pistol of the wounded man, and by main force wrenched it from his hands, enfeebled as they were through loss of blood. The old man then, like a fiend from hell, placed the muzzle of Ross' own pistol against the side of the wounded man and fired. Ross, with a groan, fell over dead, his murderer coolly extending the lifeless body on the ground, all besmeared in blood. King and Keith escaped, and the bodies of Robertson and Ross were shortly afterward found where they fell by a posse of citizens. The murderers were subsequently arrested.



## A PASTOR AT A SACRIFICE.

Any Church or Other Party Desiring, Can Procure One on Exceedingly Low Terms, it is Alleged, by Applying to

## A CERTAIN CONGREGATION

In a Certain Michigan Town—Reason for Sale Alleged to be—Congregation no Further Use for Him.

## PARTICULARS GIVEN BELOW.

NILES, Mich., April 11.—This little city is still suffering somewhat from the McMurdy fever, but it may be said that the symptoms are more favorable than at any other period. It was confidently expected that the provoking causes would pass away with the old year, but while the frost singed and withered, it did not kill instantly, and the curse yet lingers. There are still two factions, the McMurdyites and the anti-McMurdyites, but the former are steadily wasting away, and the probability is that the summer will blend all into one.

The experience of the past year has been a lesson to him. He apparently seeking to shun rather than court observation, and has exchanged the attitude of a dictator for that of a petitioner. With a death-grip he clings to the remnants of the church society, his principal efforts being confined to the selection of vestrymen who, for one reason or another, are favorable to his interests. Ask any well-posted man in Niles why it is that the vestry stands by the doctor, and he will tell you that he has managed to

GET SOME HOLD UPON THEM.

For instance, he will explain how McMurdy befriended the reckless son of one when he was in trouble; how he has aided another in his efforts to get control of his father's estate; how he is able to control a third, who is honorable but humble, by paying him marked attention and thus flattering his innocent vanity; how he knows too much about the ways of a fourth, and finds in him a kindred spirit; how a fifth is controlled through the religious devotion of his wife—and so on.

McMurdy would gladly leave Niles if he could. The Bishop of the Diocese of Western Michigan would be rejoiced to learn that he had accepted a call to leave the state. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Niles have long thought that he was a stumbling-block in their moral, social and religious paths, and earnestly desire that he may be removed. But the happiest men in Niles, were McMurdy to depart, would be the handful who have had to carry the burden of his presence for years, and cannot even yet relieve themselves of the incubus. And if the anti-McMurdy agitators will let the doctor alone for a short time, and cease to make a martyr of him, everybody in Niles will be made happy.

ACCORDING TO HIS OR HER DESIRES.

Within the past few months three female members of the doctor's church have, on their death-beds, requested that he should not be allowed to officiate at their funerals and their requests have been honored by their friends. He keenly appreciates the fact that the care of property is a burden, and never hesitates to volunteer to relieve the possessor of some portion thereof. Formulating last wills and testaments is as common with him as well, as gaining a knowledge of family secrets, and as he charges nothing for his services directly, he very naturally antagonizes the legal fraternity, who regard this business as peculiarly their own. In a quiet way, without exciting suspicion, he manages to ascertain the exact financial status of each parishioner, and presently he pops in upon him or her—most generally her—with a formidable document, regularly made out, and suggests that the mere matter of the signature is all that is lacking to relieve the owner of all further care in this world. In every instance that has come to light, McMurdy and the church are made the principal beneficiaries, but this is, of course, only one of those little eccentricities of genius.

FOR WHICH ALL GREAT MEN ARE NOTED.

The case of Mrs. Dickson, who was at first over-persuaded on her death-bed, but afterward, when fully realizing what she had done, repented and made a new will, has hitherto been fully reported.

Some two years ago Mrs. Emily A. Redican, a member of the doctor's church and a woman of considerable property, was surprised to receive from McMurdy a copy of a will which lacked only her signature to become effective in case of death. She asked time to examine. Thereafter, for days and weeks, McMurdy made almost daily calls at her house to induce her to complete the document. But Mrs. Redican is a shrewd business woman and declined to yield to his importunities. The first sections of the will are proper enough, as they bestow various articles of personal property and sums of money upon her relatives. In the sixth clause, however, McMurdy is kindly remembered by McMurdy with a gift of \$1,000, to revert to his son, Robert Henry.

IN CASE OF THE DOCTOR'S DEMISE.

In the next clause Mrs. Redican's husband is given the use of certain real-estate during his life, but prohibited from disposing of it, and at his death it is to be sold and the proceeds appropriated, as McMurdy may determine, for the benefit of the Episcopal church at Niles. Should M. Murdy die, the Bishop of the Diocese is to decide what is to be done with the bequest.

These minor bequests having been made, all the residue of the estate, amounting probably to \$20,000, is to be given to the Episcopal church at Niles, to be appropriated and used as in the judgment of McMurdy may be thought best, and, in case of his death, by the Bishop of the Diocese, in building a church-tower, or transept, or in putting in a peal, or chimers, or in any way the said McMurdy may deem best.

By the final clause, McMurdy and Amos H. Adams are appointed

EXECUTORS, WITHOUT BOND.

As Adams lives in the east, the management of the estate would fall directly upon McMurdy. This is a fair specimen of the McMurdy style of will, which, it must be admitted, is not as popular in Niles as it was two or three years ago.

Parties interested in the removal of Dr. McMurdy have taken the trouble to correspond with bishops and prominent divines in the Episcopal Church with reference to his past history, and it must be said that the answers are anything but complimentary, as a few samples will show. The first is from the Rev. Dr. James Craik:

"LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 26, 1878.—MY DEAR SIR:—I have just received yours of the 23rd inst. The person of whom you inquire was quite prominent in this diocese for a while, as he has since been in the diocese of Illinois. His activity is irrepressible, and will make him prominent for something or other wherever he is. The only publication that I know of to which you could refer was a long time ago—too long ago to be of any value now—and about a matter too dirty and obscene to be revived. Of specific facts I know nothing determinate, except from hearsay. He had a school in Frankfort, while Dr. Norton was rector there, and Dr. N., I think, is personally cognizant of facts of which I have only heard. His address is No. 140 East Broadway, Louisville. Bishop McLaren, of the diocese in which this man figured last, and therefore the most proper as well as the nearest person to refer to, gave me to understand that he knew the subject of your inquiry thoroughly. If he has been guilty of anything that can be taken hold of in your parish, or that can be proved, I hope that you will try to stop his career as a clergyman of the church. Dr. N. has often expressed the opinion that he is

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.

Very respectfully, your friend, etc., "JAMES CRAIK."

"P. S.—Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, also knows a good deal about this man, and your letter has not surprised me."

J. B. Temple, President of the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Kentucky, writes at considerable length:

"OFFICE SOUTHERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 4, 1879.—DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of yours of 3d inst., asking me to give my knowledge of the history of Rev. Robert McMurdy. Perhaps I would do well to adopt a portion of Bishop Whittle's reply and decline to speak, 'not knowing anything good.' My acquaintance with McMurdy was limited. He came to Frankfort, Ky., a short time before the late civil war, where I then lived, and opened a female school. Damaging reports followed him from the town of Washington, where he had a female school before teaching at Frankfort. I could not testify of my own knowledge in regard to any overt acts, only that his reputation was that of a meddlesome, mischief-making, untruthful man, and about Washington and Maysville as licentious. The trouble you state to have been produced by him in the church, the community, and in families will surprise no one who knew

M. MURDY'S REPUTATION IN KENTUCKY.

Now I was never 'military governor' of Kentucky but was president of a military board exercising large powers. I never employed a spy, and would never have employed McMurdy even in a meaner capacity, and am sure that he never did or would have applied to me for any appointment. I understood he had an appointment as chaplain at Washington city, and that he became very profane. He left his family at Frankfort in great destitution, and his wife was regarded favorably, and had the sympathy of the community. Respectfully, J. B. TEMPLE."

In November, 1851, McMurdy was principal of the Washington Female Seminary, located in the little town of Washington, Ky., some four miles back from Maysville. At that time, according to the testimony of several eminent physicians, he contracted a loathsome private disease, and publicity having been given to the fact, the board of trustees undertook to investigate the case. Their finding was as follows:

A charge having been made against the moral character of the Rev. Robert McMurdy, the principal of the Washington Female College, the trustees of the town of Washington, under whose control and management that institution is placed, had a full and thorough investigation, in which nearly all the physicians in the country were examined and authorities read. From most of the evidence and the authorities, the trustees are of opinion that the complaint with which Mr. McMurdy was afflicted, whatever it might be, might have been brought on him innocently and

WITHOUT ANY IMPROPRIETY ON HIS PART.

There was a dissenting opinion, the town, county and state were divided on the question, and many acrimonious controversies resulted. One of these—and probably the most ably conducted—was between Judge Adam Beatty and the Hon. M. P. Marshall, a brother of Tom Marshall, the famous Blue Grass orator. The latter had been arraigned by the former for refusing, as a town trustee, to grant a petition asking that McMurdy be placed in charge of the seminary. Mr. Marshall, after quoting from the decision of the trustees in the case, adds:

It is proven by this record that the judges, after deliberating upon all the facts detailed under oath before them—when all the parties were present—when Judge Beatty himself was present, ardently and actively interested in the acquittal of his client—when the Rev. R. McMurdy was arraigned on the charge for gross immorality—re-assembled according to the order of the previous adjournment and passed sentence that the complaint (the grossly immoral complaint), whatever it might be, might be innocently contracted. The judges upon this grossly immoral complaint solemnly adjudged him to have had it, whatever it might be—not determining the precise character of this criminal complaint, having it settled and adjudged that he had it, whatever it might be; and I am informed that offending members of the human body can be afflicted with two criminal diseases at different times.

NAMED IN MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

The judges, therefore, on this occasion passed a solemn sentence that the Rev. Robert McMurdy, Judge Beatty's client, had the one or the other of these loathsome criminal diseases, they were evidently undetermined which. But being appealed to not to put too much upon him on account of his family, that he would sell his property and move away at the end of the session shortly thereafter, added that it was possible for him to have contracted this loathsome criminal disease innocently.

In northern Kentucky there still linger memories of the days when Dr. McMurdy moved up and down among the people, as the following letter will show:

"WASHINGTON, Ky., Jan. 22, 1879.—DEAR SIR:—Yours of recent date, addressed to the post-master, has been handed me to answer. You say you want some information about one Rev. Robert McMurdy, who formerly taught a large female school in this place, and who now lives in your town. I will just start out by saying that you could not have a grander hypocrite and scoundrel living in your community. If he lives there long enough he will estrange the best friends from each other in the neighborhood. By his insinuating address and manners he for a time imposed upon the best people in our community. So far from being what a preacher ought to be, he is not even what a decent non-professor of religion should be. He has been proven

GUILTY OF ALL KINDS OF IMMORALITY.

Here follows a recital of the details of an event alleged to have transpired in Washington City during the war. The substance of it being that McMurdy was surprised in bed with the wife of an officer of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, of which regiment he was chaplain. The officer had been accused of treason, and his home was being searched for treasonable documents when the discovery was made. The people of Niles could not be engaged in smaller business than listening to McMurdy preach, and they will find it out sooner or later. My father was the R. Taylor whose name you will also see in said pamphlets as one of the trustees of McMurdy's school. I hope you can make use of the pamphlets I send you, and that you will get rid of the Rev. McMurdy, for he is an awful weight

FOR ANY CHURCH AND COMMUNITY TO CARRY.

If I can be of any further assistance to you let me hear from you. In the meantime I may find other publications in regard to the reverend gentleman which I can send you. Very respectfully,

"ROBERT TAYLOR."

These are but samples of the information of which every school-boy in Niles is possessed, and yet no opening appears through which the church can be relieved. Investigating committees refuse to recommend a trial, lest the evidence should not be sufficiently positive to result in absolute conviction, in which case the diocese would have a perpetual elephant on its hands. The church here is cramped for money, and thus hampered it is at the mercy of a few, or even of one. Calls from other parishes do not come in. In an agony of spirit, Niles cries unto the Christian world: "What shall I do to be saved?"

## A Mother's Maniacal Freak Towards Her Little Ones.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 12.—Several years ago a sure and profitable card for managers of variety theatres was Miss Martha Wren and James Collins, as they were always announced on the bill-boards, clever performers of Irish sketches. They were husband and wife, and there were three little Collinses, whose ages now are respectively nine, six and four years. A year or so ago Mrs. Collins retired from the stage. Collins at that time was stage manager of the Grand Central Variety Theatre. He left that establishment to take an engagement in San Francisco, and during his absence he has made abundant remittances to his wife, who has lived in style at 2125 North Eighth street. Unfortunately, Martha has developed an unappeasable appetite for liquor, and, according to the accounts of the neighbors, has spent about all the money her husband sent her for drink, and has neglected the children, who have been allowed to do pretty much as they pleased. The six-year-old child has done all the marketing for the family, but at times when the mother was too intoxicated to prepare the food, the neighbors fed the children. One day last week a lace curtain caught fire and came near burning the house out. Mrs. Collins took a revolver, on another occasion, so the neighbors say, and chased the children into the street. Finally the people about the Collins mansion became so alarmed that they complained to Lieutenant Axe, and he sent word to the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty. The agent one day last week visited Mrs. Collins, who called at the office of the society and made such abundant promises of reform that she was allowed to remain unmolested. She kept sober a few days, but had a relapse into her old habits, and on Wednesday, when some of the ladies from an inebriate reformatory visited her, she was on a glorious spree, so that she was unable to speak. Day before yesterday morning the debauch resulted in a wild attack of delirium, the wretched woman actually running out of doors nude. The police were again appealed to and Secretary Crew was again notified that the woman's condition was dangerous and the children were half-starved. The agents of the society were sent up to Mrs. Collins' house, on North Eighth street. The residence is luxuriously furnished, the parlors being adorned with paintings, statuary and bric-a-brac. Mrs. Collins, who still retains, in spite of her dissipation, much of her former good looks, was found to have just received \$25 from her husband in San Francisco, and was much in liquor. She was taken in custody and removed to Magistrate Severn's office. The magistrate, after learning the facts, gave Mrs. Collins the choice of a Reformatory or the House of Correction. She chose the former and was taken there by the agents. Her three children were taken to the Cathedral, to be sent to such Catholic institutions as may be selected by the authorities there.

## BATTLE ROW'S ROMANCE.

A Queer Love Quarrel in which a Girl Betrayed Her Discarded Lover to the Vengeance of His Successful Italian Rival and in which "Signor Jim" Barely Escaped with His Life from the Murderous Fury of "Signor" Gerardo.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For years the annals of Battle Row in Harlem have been essentially martial, but on the 11th inst., it figured in the court, as the locale of a romance wherein love, jealousy and a stiletto played important part. James Concannon, aged twenty-four, stood before the bar of the Fifty-seventh Street Court as complainant, and occupied himself in easing a bandaged arm and in glaring vindictively at the prisoners. There were a pair of them—one, a girl of twenty-two, Kate A. White by name, fair, fragile and comely; the other, Gerardo Leubano, an Italian, of forty-five, who seemed to have stepped from a novelette into the prosaic surroundings of a police court. Tall, swarthy, with clean shaven face of classic outline and ears weighted with golden pendants, Gerardo looked the melodramatic villain to the life, and the details of the case went to show that appearances in his instance

WERE NOT DECEPTIVE.

James Concannon was a car conductor, and who, in the course of his trips, fell desperately in love with Kate A. White. Nothing impeded the course of their affection, and Concannon's wooing speedily culminated in an engagement. Time passed, and the infatuated conductor began to observe a change in the manner of his sweetheart.

She was cold to him, preoccupied, and rumor whispered had made various covert visits to a dingy shoemaker's shop on Third avenue near 107th street. In this prosaic and somewhat dilapidated abode Gerardo Leubano resided, and, on investigating on his own account, James Concannon learned with dismay that his sweetheart had transferred her affections to this olive-tinted Lothario. Straightway he sought out Kate, and, after some ungentle expostulation, he declared their intimacy at an end, and told her to

TAKE HERSELF OFF TO HER ITALIAN LOVER.

That happened about two months ago, and when the car conductor met Miss White, on Saturday, the 6th, he was somewhat mollified and listened to various protestations of affection, she indulged in. Among other things she assured her quondam lover that if he came to her mother's house, in the Battle Row district, on the Sunday night following, all would be explained. Concannon relented, but declined the visit.

On the following evening, however, he was passing the house, when Kate called to him, in her most inviting accents, "Come up-stairs for a minute, Jim, and talk to mother."

Jim hesitated, then he consented, and in the third story back room he was ushered into, all was being explained by mother and daughter according to contract, when a quick step ascended on the stairs and a loud knock rattled on the door-panels. Concannon and Mrs. White were quite summarily bundled into an adjoining room, and as Kate opened the door, in peered the saffron-hued face of Gerardo Leubano.

The car conductor in his hiding place with the lady he had escaped making his mother-in-law, felt ill at ease, especially when he heard the Italian make some gruff query in his mother tongue, which the winsome Miss White answered in the same language.

AT THE SAME TIME LOCKING THE DOOR.

But his embarrassment was increased when the door was flung open and Leubano, towering above him in the brigandish panoply of his slouched hat and earrings flourished a stiletto and demanded what he wanted there. Concannon quaked but replied stoutly that he had come up stairs on being called there, on which Gambetta thundered, "I will kill you, Signor Jim."

At the same time he lunged furiously at Concannon with his stiletto, and the latter barely avoided the blow, the stiletto passing through his hat. A struggle began between the men, which the women watched, watched with the utmost complacency. Concannon slipped behind a table and for a few moments succeeded in keeping the Italian beyond striking distance, although once again the stiletto cut through his head gear. By this time Leubano was fairly enraged, and forcing the other into a corner he made a lunge at him with his weapon which Concannon raised his arm to avert.

STEEL WENT CLEAN THROUGH HIS HAND.

Thereupon the young man, fairly aroused to the imminence of his peril, sprang past the Italian and got out of the door, which Mrs. White had flung open. He ran down stairs with Leubano behind him, and succeeded in reaching the street. When he had his wound attended to he presented himself before Justice Kasimiro and swore out a warrant, charging that he had been decoyed into the house of Mrs. White that the Italian might murder him. Leubano, the chief offender, preserved a stoical silence through all the court proceedings, only observing, with a lordly wave of his hand, at the close, "The Signor Jim spick bad of me. What's it to me? I do not care."

Justice Kasimiro committed both Leubano and the sickle Katie White to answer.

Ballard's Latest Effort.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 16.—Tom Ballard, the counterfeiter, who, in July last attempted suicide, inflicting gashes in his throat, wrist and abdomen, but recovered, made another attempt this afternoon with a knife, with which he was working, drawing it across his throat, severing the windpipe, muscles and blood-vessels. At last accounts he had not spoken since the attempt. He will probably die.

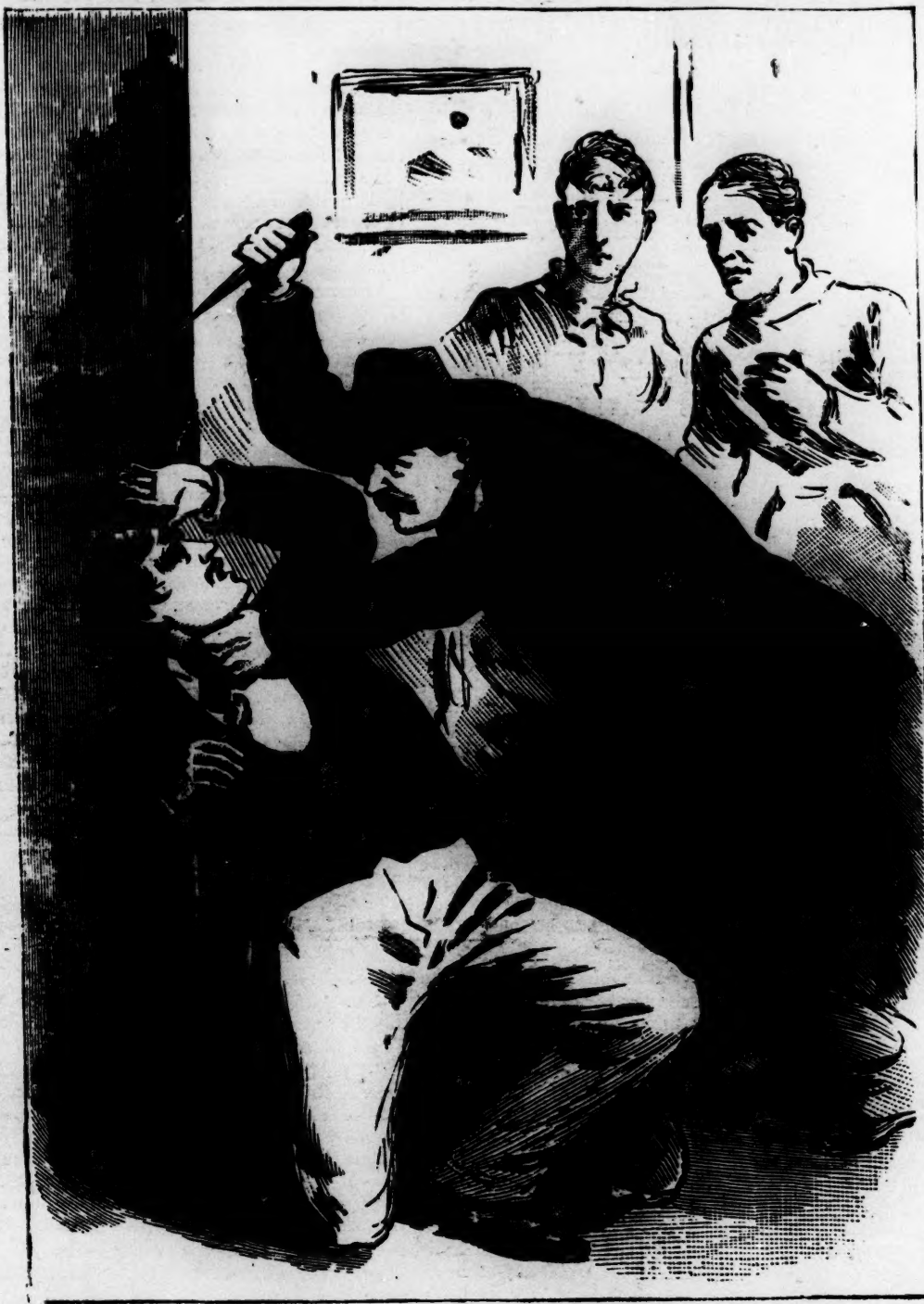
Barrymore at Home.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—Maurice Barrymore, the actor who was shot at Marshall, Texas, on March 19, by James Currie, arrived here this morning and was conveyed to the residence of Mrs. John Drew. He is much improved in health, although considerably fatigued by the long journey.





A BLOODY AND BARBAROUS DEED—DAVID MAUCK CRUSHES IN THE SKULL OF HIS WIFE AND THEN MAKES A MURDEROUS ATTACK UPON MISS SARAH VAUGHN, RESIDING IN THE FAMILY, IN HARRISON COUNTY, IND. See Page 11.

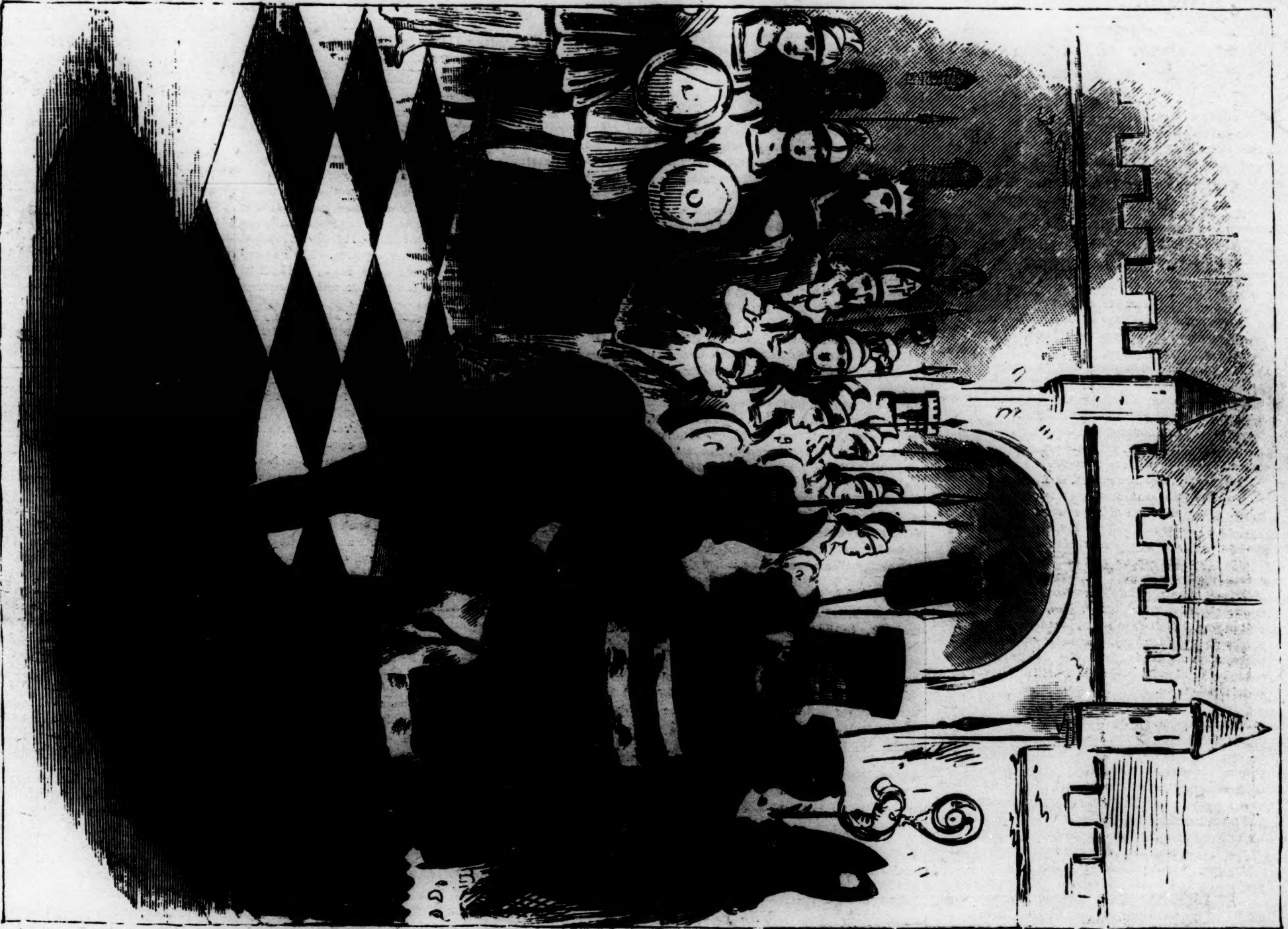


BATTLE ROW'S ROMANCE—THE VERY REMARKABLE LOVE AFFAIR IN WHICH MISS KATE WHITE, "SIGNOR JIM" CONCANNEN AND GERARDO LEUBANO, HER ITALIAN LOVER, WERE MIXED UP, NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 7.



THE FATAL DISPUTE BETWEEN JOSIAH BACON, THE FAMOUS TREASURER OF THE GOODYEAR DENTAL VULCANITE COMPANY, AND DOCTOR CHALFANT, IN BACON'S ROOM IN BALDWIN'S HOTEL, IN SAN FRANCISCO, RESULTING IN THE SHOOTING OF THE LATTER BY DR. CHALFANT.—See Page 6.





NOVEL EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY—A GAME OF CHESS PLAYED WITH LIVING PIECES, THE PAIRING BEING REPRESENTED BY COMELY YOUNG GIRLS ATTRACTIVELY COSTUMED, WITH KINGS, QUEENS, BISHOPS, ROOKS AND KNIGHTS APPROPRIATELY AND ELEGANTLY ATTIRED.—See Page 10.



A DREADFUL TRAGEDY—ANOTHER TERRIBLE ACT IN THE DEPLORABLE HINDS-JAMES AFFAIR, BALTIMORE, MD.—YOUNG HINDS ATTACKED ON THE STREET BY ISAAC D. JAMES, FATHER OF THE LADY, WHOM HE WAS CHARGED WITH BETRAYING, KILLS HIM, AND IS HIMSELF DESPERATELY WOUNDED.—See Page 3.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Murderer of Peculiar Coolness and Atrocity  
—The Martin Mysterious Assault  
in Philadelphia.

## THE BUTCHER OF THE SPENCERS.

## CAUGHT AT LAST.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 15.—Sam Ralston, a noted desperado, and brother-in-law of the notorious James boys, was arrested yesterday on an indictment found by the grand jury five years ago, charging him with assaulting and robbing a party of emigrants and severely wounding one of them. Ralston was arrested at the time, but gave bail and then fled.

## AN ABORTIONIST'S SENTENCE.

Mrs. Bertha Berger, who was convicted of having caused the death of Cora Sammis, the daughter of a farmer, resident at Northport, L. I., by malpractice, was, on the 11th, sentenced to state prison for twelve years. On application of her counsel a stay of the execution of the sentence for thirty days was granted so that an application for a new trial could be made.

## THE MURDER OF THE SPENCER FAMILY.

KEOKUK, Iowa, April 11.—The grand jury at Kahoka, Mo., to-day indicted Bill Young for the murder of the Spencer family, near Luray, Mo., in August, 1877. Young was brought into court, pleaded not guilty, and not being ready for trial, was removed to jail. The prosecution is ready, but the defense asks until Saturday or Monday to decide whether they can go to trial this term.

## THE DOLL MURDER CASE.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., April 15.—The trial of Melich Staats, for the murder of Joseph Doll, was begun here to-day. On December 29, 1878, Doll and his son were passing through a cut of the Central Railroad near Bloomsburg. Melich Staats and his brother John Staats were on the edge of the embankment above, and a large piece of coal, alleged to have been thrown by Melich Staats, struck Joseph Doll and killed him.

## SCHLENCKER MUST SWING.

LINCOLN, Mo., April 13.—The Supreme Court has rendered a decision in the case of Henry Schlencker, convicted of murdering his mistress, Florence Booth, affirming the decision of the District Court. The time fixed for his hanging is Friday, June 13, at Lincoln. This is Schlencker's last hope, Governor Nance having announced in his first message that he would not interfere in the prompt administration of the criminal law.

## CRUEL AND CAUSELESS MURDER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 16.—In the village of Taylorsville, Alexander county, one of the western counties of this State, a negro named Anderson Denny was a few days ago playing a banjo in the middle of the main street, surrounded by a crowd of forty or fifty listeners, when he was approached by a white man, W. C. Teague, a revenue officer, who, without provocation or warning, struck him upon the head with a stick. As the banjo player rose to defend himself Teague drew a pistol and began firing. Two charges took effect in the negro's body, causing almost instantaneous death. The slayer was arrested and is now in jail.

## OUTRAGE BY MASKED BURGLARS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 16.—A special to the *Chronicle* from Bulger, Pa., says: Four masked burglars broke into the store of A. J. Russell & Co., at this place, about three o'clock this morning and exploded a safe door, securing a small sum of money. Mr. Laird, the telegraph operator at the station, heard the noise of the explosion, and on going out to learn the cause was seized by the robbers, who took his money and bound and gagged him in the store. They then set fire to the building and escaped, leaving Mr. Laird bound to a post in the store-room. The latter, however, succeeded in freeing himself of the gag before the flames reached him, and his cries speedily arousing the neighbors, he was rescued from the building. No clue to the thieves has been found.

## MURDERED IN A DRUNKEN ROW.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, April 13.—We are called upon to chronicle one of the most brutal murders probably ever perpetrated in this county. Yesterday, Irving Winn, thirty-six years of age, a married man, living in Perry township, came to market with a load of corn. After disposing of the corn, accompanied by his cousin, Isaac Winn, and A. L. Williams, drank considerable and started for home. When seen leaving the city they were not drunk. When five miles out on the Eastern pike an altercation arose, and Williams picked up an iron shovel and dealt Irving Winn a blow on the head, cutting him from the eye to the top of the skull and breaking it. He then struck one or two more blows, and, leaping from the wagon, fled. Winn was taken home, but cannot live. Williams was arrested last evening. He claims to know nothing of it, and to have been dead drunk.

## THE MARTIN MYSTERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 12.—At half-past one o'clock this morning the real-estate agent, W. N. Martin, who was so mysteriously assaulted and beaten insensible in his office, on South Fifth street, on Friday last, was still alive, notwithstanding that a consultation of three physicians, at eight o'clock last night, had given the decision that he could not survive beyond ten o'clock. His stentorian breathing continued for hours and resounded throughout the house. Late in the night Chief Jones and Detective Tryon visited the house and were informed of the critical condition of the patient, so they were compelled to relinquish the intention of interrogating Mr. Martin. His relatives say he laid insensible from

Saturday last until Thursday. On coming to his senses he conversed some about business matters, but at every attempt to secure some account of the assault he evaded the questions and changed the subject, seemingly reluctant to say anything. The detectives have run out all clues about the visitors to the house on Saturday afternoon, except concerning one person—a rough-looking man who was seen there about two o'clock, and to whom Mr. Martin promised to loan an umbrella. Concerning the motive for the crime in the absence of any attempt at robbery, the detectives are at sea. Mr. James Martin has said that only a few notes from the \$1,000 roll are missing, but the detectives think that a thief would not have left the main spoil behind and would have taken the watch and diamond ring that were found on the desk.

## A COLD-BLOODED BUTCHERY.

HERMANS, Mo., April 11.—About two months ago a murder was committed in the southern part of this (Gasconade) county, by a man named Post, who is still at large; and to-day the particulars were received of another murder, committed on the 2nd inst., which for coolness and brutality cannot be matched in the records of Gasconade. The particulars are about as follows: Some time ago a man calling himself Henry Quinley moved into Bourbois township, bringing two women with him, one of whom he represented as his wife, the other as her sister. John Burnett, a young man from Osage county, who was on a visit at his cousin's in that neighborhood, got acquainted with the Quinley's, and after a short time married the sister of Quinley's wife. Everything went on first-rate for a while. Burnett, having but one arm, supported himself and wife by peddling small articles such as he could carry. This compelled him to be absent from home for several days at a time, his wife remaining either at home or at her sister's during his absence, until Burnett became jealous of Quinley, which was the cause of frequent broils. On the first of this month Burnett went to Quinley's house, and, according to the statement of the latter, on not finding him at home, told his wife that he intended to kill him (Quinley), and that he would cut his heart out. On coming home, Quinley's wife told him of the occurrence, when he took his gun and followed Burnett, not overtaking him, however. The next day he met Burnett, and shot him in the breast with a heavy charge of buckshot. After this he beat the head of his victim into a jelly with the stock of his gun. At the preliminary examination Quinley took things very cool, and was bound over in the sum of \$1,000 to appear before the circuit court to answer the charge of murder.

## STEVENS' SCRAPE.

He Tries to Work Out of it by Attempting to Prove His Murdered Girl-Wife a Harlot.

CHICAGO, April 12.—The Stevens wife murder trial continues to engage a large share of public attention, the court-room to-day being densely packed by interested spectators, among them a large number of ladies. The evidence so far brought out does not materially alter the aspect that the case has uniformly presented—that of the brutal murder of a giddy girl-wife by a husband, whose defense is that his mind was unsettled by accumulated evidences of her infidelity. It will be remembered that Peter E. Stevens, on the 30th of June, 1878, shot and killed his wife immediately after he had detected her in a confidential interview in Jefferson Park, with a young man named Adams, a former school-mate of Mrs. Stevens. The jealous husband had been for some months playing the detective on his wife's actions, with the result of ascertaining that she was somewhat given to flirtations with gay young men, from whom she received numerous gushing epistles asking appointments, expressing tender interest, and, in a general way, showing rather more regard

## THAN WAS CONSISTENT WITH PROPRIETY.

From the discovery of letters of this character, and from the fact that she had on several occasions encountered her admirers at various places of questionable repute for a married woman to frequent when not in the company of her husband, and, in fact, from various incidents and circumstances of a similar character, Stevens was wrought up to a pitch of jealousy and desperation, resulting, it is claimed by his counsel, in the creation of temporary insanity, during which the murder was committed. Upon this defense the two clever lawyers employed by Stevens rely to secure his acquittal, and in order to prove the insanity it has been necessary to prove what caused it. This has been a disagreeable task, since such proof must inevitably attack the reputation of the dead wife, and the unpleasant features of the case have been aggravated by the absconding of several witnesses, gay young men, who were in the habit of fooling around Mrs. Stevens, but who, with the customary cowardice of the libertine, dare not stand and face

## THEIR SHARE OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

Several of these witnesses have left the city to avoid the service of a subpoena and by their absence for such a cause have added in death to the injury they inflicted in life. It is no part of the policy of the defense to undertake literal proof of what Stevens only suspected; such a course would be neither decent or necessary. What they have sought to show is that the discoveries made by Stevens, while not compelling an inference of criminality, were yet such as might be expected to raise in the mind of a jealous and suspicious husband such a strong presumption of infidelity as would unsettle his mental equilibrium and prepare his mind for a desperate deed. In this the defense seems likely to succeed better than had been deemed possible before the trial began; and whereas three days ago speculation turned upon whether the verdict would be hanging or imprisonment, it is now a question of much dispute whether the finding shall be imprisonment or acquittal, with the chances against the latter.

No German Emperor has hitherto lived as long as the present sovereign. Next to him comes Frederick III., who died in 1493, aged seventy-eight.

## CHARMING CHESSMEN.

Beautiful Display of a Game of Chess at the Academy of Music with Living Figures and Pretty Girls in Handsome Costumes Acting as Pawns.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

An exhibition novel to most New Yorkers was given at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 16th, by the Manhattan Chess Club, and, little addicted as Americans are to the "kingly game of chess," it was interesting as well as novel. Most of the members of the club are foreigners born, and the greater part of the audience was foreign born as well. The exhibition was called "living chess." The spacious floor of the stage was turned into a vast chess-board by the simple plan of laying down a carpet of muslin marked out into large black and white squares. The "chessmen" were men indeed, at least so many of them as were not women, and all wore becoming costumes proper to the

## RESPECTIVE CHARACTERS THEY ASSUMED.

The first thing on the programme after the Marine Band from the United States steamship Minnesota had played the overture to "Nabucco," was a tableau representing "Mephistopheles and the Prince." This brought upon the stage about forty characters, all in bright new costumes, and brilliantly illuminated with calcium lights from above. In deference to the demands of the audience the curtain was raised on this scene a second time, after which the orchestra played until all the preparations for the game of chess had been finished. On either side of the stage, just at the end of the row of footlights, a little platform had been raised, and upon each platform were placed a small round chess-table and a single chair. These were for the accommodation of the two men who were to lead the contest, namely, Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Eugene Delmar.

In response to a bugle call the two contending parties marched out, one from each wing, and soon were in position, standing face to face upon the black and white squares. The pawns, or privates, were all represented by comely and shapely young girls who were dressed in pink tights and close-fitting tunics, decorated with shining ornaments. On their heads they wore helmets and in their hands

## CARRIED SPEARS AND BOUND SHIELDS.

The two kings carried scepters and wore long velvet robes with ermine trimming. Their queens drew long trains of satin behind them, and from their shoulders hung velvet mantles, in the one case scarlet and in the other blue. The knights carried long spears and wore helmets and corselets of steel. The rooks wore hats shaped like castles and carried staves. The bishops wore large miters, cassocks and lawns.

While the two contending armies, in all the regalia of their bright red and white regalia, stood thus arrayed, Colonel John R. Fellows walked between them down to the footlights and announced the declaration of war. He also said something about the ancient and noble game of chess. Everything being ready Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Delmar at a signal slipped out from the wings and took their seats at the little chess tables, already spoken of as standing on the platform, one on each side of the stage. Captain Mackenzie had the army of reds and Mr. Delmar conducted the movements of the army in white. The players were allowed only

## TWO MINUTES FOR EACH MOVE.

Captain Mackenzie had the first move, and promptly ordered the usual "pawn to king's fourth square." Mr. Delmar repeated the order on his side, after which the captain of the reds ordered his king's knight to the king's bishop's third, this being followed by an order from the captain of the whites for his queen's knight to advance to the queen's bishop's third. At each command a lieutenant stepped into the ranks and placed the combatants in the positions to which they had been ordered. At the sixth move Captain Mackenzie's red bishop took Mr. Delmar's white knight, and the capture was announced by a blast from the bugler. The game went on rapidly, and the two leaders were frequently applauded for their skill in off-setting one another's attacks. As fast as a piece was made prisoner he or she was marched out of the ranks and led behind the scenes, the bugler for the victorious side giving the

## SIGNAL WITH A TRUMPHANT BLAST.

The last few moves of the contending sides were as follows: For the reds, rook takes rook's pawn; for the whites, bishop takes rook; for the reds, bishop to king's fifth and for the whites rook to bishop's third; for the reds, bishop takes rook and for the whites, king to king's square; for the reds, queen to king's second square, which won the game for Captain Mackenzie's side.

After this the orchestra played at "Pinafore" a little while and then the company went through the moves of a chess problem composed by Eugene B. Cook, and called "Atalanta, the fleet-footed queen." They also went through the moves of one of the celebrated games between Paul Morphy and Mr. Baucher, played at Paris, in 1858. This was followed by a "grand finale," being the moves of a chess problem, the solution of which, in seven moves, produced the letter M—a problem also composed by Mr. Cook.

The exhibition was delayed a great deal, owing, no doubt, to a lack of preparation in the way of rehearsal. Otherwise it was successful and satisfactory to the spectators.

## Wash. Nathan's Condition.

Washington Nathan, who was shot in the Coleman House by Birdie Bell, or Mrs. Barrett, was reported, on the 14th inst., to be in a dangerous condition, erysipelas having set in. A reporter called at Mr. Nathan's residence on Fifth avenue, on the evening of the 15th, to ascertain if there was any truth in the rumor. Washington Nathan was found enjoying a hearty dinner. He appeared to be in perfect health and in the best of spirits.

"Are you Mr. Washington Nathan?" asked the reporter of the young man who was supposed to be on a dying bed.

"I am the person. What information can I give you?" replied Mr. Nathan.

"The evening papers, Mr. Nathan, have been informed that your condition had changed, and that it was not likely that you would survive an attack of erysipelas."

Mr. Nathan laughingly said, "I do not look like a sick man, do I? I have just enjoyed my dinner, and never felt better in my life. I have been down town to-day, attending to my business."

"Were you wounded as seriously as was at first reported?"

"Now, if it is necessary for you to contradict the report that I am in a dying condition, I do not think you should refer to the affair at the Coleman House. I was not badly wounded, I assure you. All I can say about it is it was a very unfortunate occurrence for me, and, you can also readily understand, a very delicate subject for me to converse about."

"Then there is nothing new in the matter?"

"Nothing beyond this, that 'Richard is himself again,'" laughed Mr. Nathan.

Birdie Bell did not leave the city, but is at present living quietly on Thirty-fourth street.

## LADY LONSDALE'S LOVER.

A Bit of Choice Aristocratic Scandal Which Furnishes a Capital Condiment for London Tea Parties.

The five o'clock London tea-parties are very much agitated over the sale of Lord Lonsdale's great collection. This earl and peer of the realm, the head of the house of Lowther, set high society into spasms last year by creating the matrimonial talk of the season. He then married that tall, nearly six-foot high, and dark, Jewess type beauty, Lady Gladys Herbert. In her immediate circle she is known by the pet name of "la Gitana," or gypsy. She is the daughter of the well-known and esteemed Sydney Herbert, of Crimean fame, and sister of the Earl of Pembroke. Some years ago Lady Herbert, the mother of "la Gitana," and another daughter, joined the Catholic Church. The tall and handsome "Gitana" did not follow their example, but dashed into the gay world of dance, song and horsemanship, and met Lord Lonsdale, who is her senior by eight years—she being twenty-three years of age. Both loved the world too well, and not wisely.

## BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

The fashionable ball-rooms of London, Paris and Vienna, the race-courses of Europe, the yachting and hunting excursions of the night and day, the season and sunshine of life, found these attractive two, if not the leaders, at least the chief features. The art-world was ransacked for Lady Lonsdale, and an income of \$800,000 per annum brought to her mansion many a costly gem of the painter and jeweler. Her diamond bill in seven months was \$1,000,000, and her upholstery and bric-a-brac invoices were double that sum. To this menu the noble earl added sundry and divers items, such as twenty-two blooded race-horses, various improvements on the three country estates, and lo!—the devourer of all fortunes—a large steam-yacht, the Northumbria.

There are some people so very peculiarly constituted, either mentally or morally, that neither an immense financial revenue, a quarter of a dozen of country estates, a magnificent town mansion and the luxuries of art, science and pleasure combined, nor indeed, that ominous and varied circle called the "fashionable world," can

## MAKE UP THE SUM OF HAPPINESS.

The beautiful Lady Lonsdale and the dashing, handsome earl, the head of the house of Lowther, were not happy. There was a skeleton in the costly mansion's cupboard, and I only allude to this case as a type of many others, and as truly portraying the life of the most modern British aristocracy. When at Palermo last fall I heard and saw something of the yacht Northumbria, and, later on, when near Nice, I heard and saw something of my Lady Lonsdale leaning on the arm of that notorious young rake, Sir John Lister Kave, a Yorkshire baronet, slightly taller than "la Gitana," and of that drab or pale-ale visage peculiar to those who think "the best of all ways for to lengthen their days is to

## "STEAL A FEW HOURS FROM NIGHT."

Both are in the spring of life, and both are of that speed down hill which may be termed rapid. His mother, with lynx eye, looks at, on and over the pair, while Lord Lonsdale is on the Northumbria, off the coast of Algeria, where rumor says he has made some well-known efforts not to lengthen his days or nights either. When a Yorkshire baronet of twenty-three years and worldly ways becomes a skeleton in the cupboard of any mansion, you may be sure the furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and even the personal gems of lustrous brilliancy become very soon under the sway of the auctioneer's hammer. And thus has it come to pass, in a period of little more than eight months of "honeymoon," that our fashionable five o'clock tea is in a troubled sea of excitement over the head and front of offending of the chief of the Lowther's lady.

## Miss Smith's Nuptials.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 10.—Perhaps the most remarkable marriage recorded in this state for years occurred yesterday in Glastenbury. Miss Julia E. Smith, sole survivor of the Smith sisters, famous throughout the country for the repeated sales of their Alderney cows to meet taxes, which they refused to pay because they could not vote, was married to Amos G. Parker, of New Hampshire. He was a widower, is a lawyer by profession, and of the same age as his bride—eighty-six years. The affair has created much talk, and the only reason assigned is that Miss Smith, having lost all her relatives, did not wish to be left dependent on the kindness of strangers in her closing years. She has a large estate, the accumulations of the entire family having come into her hands as the several members successively passed away. Mr. Parker is represented as hale and hearty, while his bride is sallow, wrinkled and bent with the weight of years.



## A DETECTIVE'S ADVENTURE

The Story Told by an Officer of the Bow Street, London, Police, of His Thrilling Experience

WITH A GIANT CRIMINAL

Who, with His Paramour, Put up a Job to Dispose of the Officer in a Blood-Curdling Manner, and which was

UNCOMFORTABLY NEAR SUCCESS.

One of my journeys called me away to a town in Suffolk, where I was ordered to take charge of a prisoner to be discharged the next day from one of the local jails, in which he was undergoing a year's imprisonment for a criminal assault. The man had been let out on a ticket-of-leave from the De-fence hulk at Woolwich, and had speedily, as it appeared, got into trouble down in the country. As he was merely "wanted" to complete his original sentence—having broken his ticket-of-leave, there could be no bother about apprehending him inside the prison, and using such precautions for his safe keeping as seemed best to my judgment.

Just as I was about to leave the office in Bow street one of my comrades, with whom I was rather intimate, came in, having finished a journey such as I was myself about to set off on.

"Going out, Tom," he asked; and on my telling him where I was bound for, he continued: "Better have this barker, Tom. You may find it useful."

At the same time he produced a small pocket pistol, which he held out for my acceptance.

"I have not got any powder," he added, "but here are some caps and bullets."

It seems needless to remark that this was before the days of revolvers and patent cartridges. We had then to load in the old fashion way and had merely got as far as the introduction of the percussion cap. I had never before carried anything more deadly, by way of protection, than a life preserver, but as my friend seemed to mean a kindness, I made no ado about accepting his offer, and having "capped" the pistol there and then, I consigned it to the side pocket of my pilot-coat, which I wore.

BUTTONED OVER MY UNIFORM.

My journey down to Suffolk calls for no particular notice. In due time the railroad deposited me at my destination, and left me with ample leisure to call upon the Governor of the prison over night with a view to arranging for my carrying off my charge the next morning. I asked what sort of a customer I would have to deal with, and must confess I did not feel much encouraged by the reply.

"He is what I would call a nasty customer," was the answer. "He has given us a deal of trouble while we have had charge of him; continually breaking prison rules, and more than once he has tried to commit suicide in the most determined manner by tearing open the veins in his arms with his finger-nails."

This account of matters was not, as may well be supposed, at all enlivening; and when the Governor added that the man was a perfect giant, and had been a "navvy" before he fell into evil courses, I began to fear that my work was cut out for me. However, there was no help for it. We Bow-street runners had as fickle customers to deal with as any of

YOUR MODERN DETECTIVES.

All I could do was to ask that the prisoner should be detained until I got over in the morning. I told the Governor where I had put up; but he did not seem disposed to offer me his company for an hour or two in the evening, and to me he hardly appeared the sort of man I could ask in an off-hand way to take a friendly glass; so, my arrangements being thus far completed, I there and then left him.

The inn where I had taken up my quarters stood right opposite the jail entrance, and as the street was somewhat of the narrowest, the most complete view of all comers and goers could be commanded from the front of my temporary residence.

As my landlady knew the errand I had come on, and had a most becoming respect for the representative of the law, she kindly accommodated me with her own private parlor as a sitting-room, and a very pleasant evening I spent in the company of the intelligent daughter of the house, business leaving her mother but little time to bestow upon me. Next morning found me seated at a very comfortable breakfast, and the weather being fine the window of the private parlor was open, affording a perfect view of all that might take place

AT THE PRISON DOOR OPPOSITE.

While I was absorbed in the good cheer before me I was startled by an exclamation from both the landlady and her daughter, which caused me to look up and instinctively to glance across the street.

"Did you ever see such a big, coarse and clumsy-looking woman?" exclaimed the younger of my entertainers.

"Or is it a woman at all?" added her mother.

My attention was at once riveted upon the new-comer, whom I somehow could not avoid connecting with the criminal it would soon become my duty to apprehend. Without saying a word to the ladies, I carefully and closely watched every movement of the party opposite during the remainder of my morning meal. More than once I caught myself mentally repeating my landlady's query:

"Is it a woman after all?"

The "it" must be excused, as the point was so entirely doubtful. For a woman, the individual was very considerably above the average height, and her whole physique indicated far more than the

AVERAGE STRENGTH OF WOMANKIND.

There was a swagger in her walk, too, most unlike the carriage of a female; and once during her pacing in front of the jail door she stopped to adjust a boot-

lace, or some such matter, in a fashion that showed an entire absence of delicacy, and at the same time showed a portion of a limb which might have done credit to an athlete in the highest state of training. I was fairly puzzled, and the less so that I had twice noticed her ringing the prison bell, and that I knew there was but one individual to be discharged that morning, and that it was close upon my time to go and look after him. I had barely finished my last cup of coffee when one of the prison warders came across to say that the wife of my prisoner was waiting outside, and had twice made a demand to see him; but that the Governor did not care to accede to the request without seeing me. After casting the matter over in my own mind for a minute, I told the warder that I did not mind the woman being admitted, but that the two ought to be very closely watched during the interview. The man re-entered the prison, and within a few minutes I observed that

THE WOMAN WAS CALLED IN.

Punctual to my time, I crossed over to the prison, and found my charge waiting for me, his wife being still with him, and no one in the room but the Governor. Contrary to my expectations, the prisoner held up his wrists and submitted to be handcuffed with the most lamb-like docility.

When we got out into the street I suggested, as there was time to spare, that the stalwart pair should have a bit of breakfast at my expense before starting on the journey for town. I thought the woman seemed a little taken aback at my invitation; however, it was acceded to, and we entered the inn parlor, where I requested the landlady to produce a plentiful supply of ham and eggs; and, as the pair preferred ale to tea or coffee, I ordered them a pint apiece. I had, of course, to unlock one hand in order to allow my prisoner the free use of his knife and fork; and after what I had heard the night before, I thought it was rather a risky thing for me to do, as, though he might not attempt to do me any mischief, it was just possible he might try to inflict some serious mischief on himself. All, however, passed off safely, and when breakfast was finished I told him he must bid his wife good-bye, as I did not want to attract any attention at the railroad station. A kiss was accordingly exchanged, the bracelets were again adjusted to his wrists, and we

SET OFF AT A BRISK PACE.

When we got to the station I learned that the next "up" train was an express, and that I would have to look sharp, as it might be expected immediately, and made but a brief stoppage. The train, in fact, came in almost to a minute after the information was communicated to me, and I hurried across the platform, got my man into a second-class carriage—the compartment I had only just time to notice was empty. The whistle sounded and the train was beginning to move, when the door was flung violently open, and in jumped the prisoner's wife, taking her seat right opposite me. There was but time for the porter to slam the door, when we were off.

It need not be said that I was very far from being satisfied with the look of things, and that I had made up my mind to be carefully on my guard. I said nothing, being fully determined not to betray any uneasiness, though it must be owned I felt much. Before we had gone any great way, my prisoner turned sideways to me and said:

"Master, my missus and me have some small matters of our own we would like to talk over, and, as they don't concern you in the least, p'raps you wouldn't mind looking out o' the window for a minute or two

"WHILE WE HAVE OUR TALK."

"That I could not possibly do," was my immediate answer. "My duty is to keep you always under my eye and control; and, besides, as you have just said your domestic arrangements can be a matter of no concern to me, so you can discuss them as freely as you please without minding my presence."

This answer seemed to disconcert both of them; but, as if by way of compromise, I at the same time leaned toward the window of the carriage for a moment and glanced outside. My hearing was sharp enough now, but at the time I speak of was even more acute. Just as I turned my head I heard or fancied I heard the man whisper the words, "Both together." Instantly the suspicion flashed across my mind that these words related to myself, and I turned round and faced the couple in a moment. What I saw in the expression of each of them seemed to warrant my acting with immediate decision. I seized the man between his manacled wrists so that he could not raise his hands. With an instinctive thought I plunged my right hand into the pocket of my pilot coat, pulled out the pistol my mate had handed to me, cocked it with my thumb, and, holding it within a few inches of the face of the woman opposite, I looked steadily into her eyes, and said, with emphasis: "If you attempt to stir before we reach the next station you will

"CERTAINLY BE A DEAD WOMAN."

It was something fearful to notice the immediate change on that woman's countenance. She became of a pallid whiteness, and her lips had the purple-bluish tinge that indicates so unmistakably an excess of deadly fear. In the highly dramatic positions I have just described we speed on until the next stopping station was reached, and that occupied fully more than twenty minutes. The moment the train came to a stop, I thus addressed the woman, keeping her "covered" with the muzzle of my pistol: "Leave the carriage; and if you value your liberty, make what speed you can to get into hiding."

She disappeared instantly; and I felt a heavy load of anxiety lifted off my mind as she left us, for, of all the encounters I most hate, an encounter with a woman is to be classed foremost. From the moment I saw the change in her face indicative of such intense fear I knew I was master of the situation; but still I was glad to be rid of all further risk of a struggle. Not a word passed between my prisoner and me during the remainder of the journey to London, which we were no great while in reaching, and where I duly delivered him into safe-keeping at

BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE.

Next morning I had to conduct my prisoner to Wool-

wich, there to deliver him to the authorities of the hulks from whom he had obtained his ticket-of-leave. He seemed to have recovered from his scare of the day before, and on our journey spoke freely enough, and with an earnestness that left no doubt of the truth of his communication.

"Master," said he, "I am main glad you kept your head yesterday and did not lean out of the window. Had you done so, missus and I meant to have pitched you out and taken our chances after of getting off."

"I was not so very likely to be so easily put off my guard," was the laconic answer.

"Ay, but, master, your danger was not over then, for missus and I had made up that she was to pin your arms—and she could a done it easy—while I was to smash your head with the 'darbies.' We would then a took the key, got off the bracelets and heaved you out a winder afore

YOU COULD COME TO YOURSELF.

That pistol fairly put us out, for it cowed missus, and she isn't easily cowed, I tell ye."

"But the pistol was not loaded," said I; "nothing but a cap and an empty barrel."

"All the same, master; I'm main glad we failed. Now I thought it over, I know I could not have escaped. It was known I left in your charge, and that missus joined us. When your body was found, we'd a been spotted at once, and most likely both on us would a swung for it. I'm main glad, I tell you, that you got out of the mess, and I don't bear you no ill will for having done your duty as a man and a hoffer."

Never before, to my knowledge, had I been in such deadly peril, and truly thankful did I inwardly feel for the providential escape I learned I had just made. I was glad to hand my murderous-minded charge over to the care of the officers of the De-fence, and I am thankful to add that I never heard more of him, or wished to do so.

## TEXAN TIGERS.

Another Murder Horror from the Homicidal State—Shocking and Fatal Encounter Between a Father and Son, Resulting in the Death of the Former at the Hands of His Bloody-Minded Offspring.

TEXARKANA, TEXAS, April 11.—For several days rumors of a murder near Bright Star have been prevalent, but it was only to-day that your correspondent could get the bottom facts. About five miles from Bright Star, this county, and close to the boundary line of Texas, lives a farmer named G. A. T. Patillo, aged about fifty, with him was his younger son, William, about eighteen years old, and adjoining lived another son named Wesley, with a young wife and an infant child. The father for some time complained of the shiftless life his son William was living, and depriving him of a pistol in his possession, told the latter he must either stay at home and work, or leave his home. The former condition being accepted, all moved as usual until Christmas Eve, when

ASKED HIS FATHER FOR THE PISTOL.

This request was refused, and the boy, learning his father was going to punish him in the morning, left the house. After discovering the son's absence was permanent, the old man became enraged and at first threatened to disown him (the truant), but, yielding to good counsels from his neighbors, became silent on that point.

After an absence of several months William returned and went to the house of his brother, Wesley. From this place of refuge he sent word to his father that he wished to return home. To this the latter would not agree, and at first threatened to sue his other son for harboring his brother. However, through the advice of Squire Hooper, the old man compromised so far as to let William remain in the neighborhood, provided he did not step on his father's farm. William hired a place adjoining the father's land and cultivated it, living with his brother. This place was entered by a lane that also crossed the land of the old man.

On the morning of March 25, pistol and gun shots were heard in the lane, at about five o'clock. On hastening to the place, the still warm body of G. A. T. Patillo was found lying on the ground, while near him were William and Wesley. The former stated that he had killed his father, and in extenuation stated that the old man, when he saw the son, had said, "I always said I would kill you if I saw you, and

"NOW I AM GOING TO DO IT."

When the son anticipated him by shooting him with a shot-gun and a pistol, putting a load of buckshot in his heart and sending a bullet crashing through his brain. Owing to the idea among the ignorant, no surgeon was sent for until nearly four hours had elapsed, and after the coroner had arrived. Meantime the hogs rooted around the corpse, eating up the blood and rooting and pushing the body. After the inquest, William was released on \$1,000 bail.

It gradually entered the minds of some of the citizens of Bright Star that this was rather light punishment for killing a father, and, in consequence, a warrant was issued and the two brothers were brought before Justice Hamilton on the charge of murder. The prisoners having demanded a severance, the examination of Wesley is now progressing, with Judge Bancroft and Bailey Mathews for the state, and Captain Scott for the defense. The parties are white and the children natives.

## The Dexter Bank Mystery.

BANGOR, ME., April 15.—Some additional developments about the Dexter Savings Bank and the late Treasurer J. Wilson Barron, are promised. A skillful New York expert is examining the books of the bank. The bank officers say that the published statement of State Bank Examiner Titcomb is not an impartial report. Mr. Titcomb is a prominent orthodox light, and they assert desired to convey the impression that Barron was innocent. A great many persons in Dexter believe that the treasurer was a defaulter and committed suicide.

## A BRUTAL BUTCHERY.

David Mauck Fiendishly Murders His Worthy Wife by Crushing in Her Skull with an Ax and Supplements His Assassin's Work by a Similar Attack upon Her Female Companion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW ALBANY, Ind., April 12.—A most heinous and barbarous double crime was perpetrated in Harrison county, this state, about four o'clock on the morning of the 9th. David Mauck and his brother Hugh Mauck, were engaged in barreling lime from a kiln they had burned about one mile from the residence of David. The latter is a married man, aged about twenty-five years, his wife being about the same age. Hugh Mauck is a single man, aged twenty-three years. Sarah Vaughn is a young woman living in the family of David. These are the parties to the terrible tragedy.

About three o'clock on the morning in question David Mauck returned from the lime-kiln to his home, and saying to his wife that he had come to take a short sleep before completing his work, he laid down, and his wife, who had been awakened by his coming, soon after dropped asleep. About an hour afterward Sarah Vaughn heard the heavy thud of a blow and the following shriek of Mrs. Mauck, and springing from her bed rushed into the room where Mauck and his wife slept, and was startled and half bewildered at

THE HORRIBLE SCENE THAT MET HER GAZE.

On the bed laid the wife, literally brained by a terrific blow from the poll of an ax, and before her, on the floor, lay the bloody instrument used in the awful crime by the husband and murderer. The wife was speechless and unconscious, the blow having fallen upon the forehead over the right eye, crushing in the skull. Still thirsting for blood, Mauck stood contemplating his work, and when Sarah Vaughn rushed frantically into the room, shrieking for mercy for the poor wife, the murderous wretch seized a piece of heavy oak timber, split from a plank, and attacked her with it. Then followed a terrific struggle. The girl, conscious that the wretch intended to slay her also, fought with desperation for her life. She received five blows over the head, and her arms and shoulders were bruised and scratched in a fearful manner. One blow, the last she received, cracked her skull, and

SHE SUNK TO THE FLOOR AS DEAD.

Supposing his work completed, Mauck left the house, and, with his brother Hugh, who, it is supposed, helped to plan the murder, and stood on the outside of the house and witnessed it, fled. The news of the great crime spread with lightning rapidity and created the most intense excitement. During the forenoon over three hundred people visited the scene of the murder, and over half that number joined in scouring the hills and woods in search of the murderers, who have not, however, been come up with at this writing. It is quite probable that they will be lynched if caught.

After the flight of the assassin, Miss Vaughn recovered consciousness sufficiently to drag herself to the bed on which Mrs. Mauck was lying and got into it. Here, at nine o'clock that morning, they were discovered by a neighbor woman, who had gone to the house on a visit. In the same bed were the two little children of Mrs. Mauck, all bedabbled in blood, and playing over the unconscious

BODY OF THE FATALITY INJURED MOTHER.

The Maucks are men of sober habits, but have a bad reputation for viciousness, and were considered morose and bad tempered. They had never, however, been guilty of any crime or crimes, and may be considered as a fair average in respectability. The relations between David Mauck and his wife were unpleasant, on account of his disagreeable disposition, but there had never been any violent disagreement between them. Some say he was jealous of her, but as there was not the slightest cause for jealousy, this probably is only an imaginary report. She was considered by all her neighbors a most estimable woman.

Sarah Vaughn was well esteemed in the neighborhood. She was probably not originally included in Mauck's bloody programme, but having witnessed the murderous assault on the wife, he deemed it necessary to get her out of the way also, lest she might prove a troublesome witness against him.

## A Recovered Scalp.

DEADWOOD, D. T., April 13.—A small band of Indians who, a few days since, killed and scalped Private Leo Bader, of the 2nd Cavalry, and seriously wounded Sergeant Kennedy, of the Signal Service, were captured by Sergeant Thomas B. Glover, 2nd Cavalry, with a detachment of ten men, and taken into Fort Keogh yesterday. The Indians surrendered immediately on the approach of the soldiers, not offering any resistance or attempting to escape. Bader's horse and scalp-lock were found in their possession.

## Ashore and Captured by Pirates.

HAVANA, April 16.—The Spanish brig M. Llorca, with a cargo of cattle from Ponce, Porto Rico, for Santiago de Cuba, went ashore in fair weather under suspicious circumstances on March 12, on the coast of Santo Domingo, north of the Island of Catalinita. The next day armed pirates boarded the vessel and obliged the captain and crew to abandon the cargo. The brig arrived at Santo Domingo City on the 16th, and the Spanish Consul is now investigating the affair.

In the hippodrome of Czarskoe Selo, Russia, there was recently a "hunt of wild beasts." A number of wolves, foxes and hares were let loose in the arena, with dogs in pursuit. One of the wolves became furious, and dashed from the arena among the spectators. Both the people and the animals were thrown into a panic. After tearing around for a time, without injuring anybody, the wolf took refuge under the benches, from which he was dragged out and secured.



### The Italian Ragpickers' Revenge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Officer Wilkinson, of the Madison Street Police Station, appeared before Justice Kilbreth, in the Essex Market Police Court, on the 11th, having in custody two Italian ragpickers, named Dominico Safoute and Michael Crassio, both of whom reside at 52 Vestry street, who are accused of assaulting and stabbing with a ragpicker's hook William Kelly, an intoxicated sailor belonging to the steamship Santiago de Cuba, lying at Pier 15 East river, in the cabin of a Catharine street ferryboat, on the night of the 10th. Kelly's wounds may prove fatal. Justice Kilbreth committed the prisoners to await the result of Kelly's injuries. It appears that while Kelly and the Italians were crossing the East river Kelly commenced mimicking their language and gestures. The passengers enjoyed the fun and laughed heartily. The Italians became enraged at seeing themselves burlesqued. Finally one of the Italian ragpickers drove his hook into Kelly's head, while his companion drove his sharp-pointed hook into his abdomen. One of the men who was with the Italians, and who took part in the assault escaped.



THE RAGPICKERS' REVENGE—DEADLY ASSAULT OF TWO INCENSED ITALIANS, WITH THE IMPLEMENT OF THEIR CRAFT, UPON WILLIAM KELLY, IN THE CABIN OF A CATHARINE STREET FERRYBOAT, NEW YORK CITY.

### A Northern Opinion of Texas.

A correspondent of the *Elmira, N. Y., Gazette* writing from Dallas, Texas, gives his impression of Texas in general, and the Porter murder in particular as follows:

A Sunday in the city of Dallas will convert a man quicker than seventeen sermons on hell fire. There is a fine of \$100 for carrying a revolver in some parts of the state, but in a crowd of a hundred men you'll find ninety-nine revolvers, and the other fellow will either have a knife in his boot or a shot-gun on his shoulder. I don't wonder that Northern farmers return disgusted with the prospect of living in such communities as are found here. A farmer in New York state comes to town in a respectable rig; he has a team of horses, a Jackson wagon, a leather harness. He makes his purchases, goes home to a comfortable house, eats a nutritious supper and sleeps on a clean bed. A Texas farmer straddles a half-starved mule and rides forty miles before reaching a place big enough to buy a porous-plaster and a wooden toothpick. They are a hungry-looking set. They live because they have to, not because they want to particularly; and when they die no one misses them except their creditors.

Marshall is about a hundred miles directly east from Dallas, on the Texas Pacific road. It is a frontier

town of about two thousand inhabitants, and presents all the outward appearances of other Texas towns of about this size. Currie, the cut-throat, is confined there, but his counsel positively refuse to allow anybody to interview him. However, through the kindness of one of the officials I took a peep at the Texan bully now confined there awaiting trial for a most cowardly assault even for this part of the country. Currie looks capable of committing just such an act as he is now under arrest for. He is a powerfully-built fellow, about five feet ten, broad shouldered, sandy-complexioned and a repulsive-looking man, as seen behind the bars. The feeling throughout Texas among the better class of citizens is that Currie ought to hang, but a fear that he will not seem to possess the minds of some of them. At one time they did muster up enough courage to threaten to lynch him, but their enthusiasm soon died out and the excitement caused by the cold-blooded murder has about subsided. If Judge Lynch ever had a good excuse for exercising his power this Currie was a good subject to commence on. He is a fugitive from justice, having killed several men on the Kansas Pacific while running as an engineer on that road. Several other cold-blooded murders are laid at his door and he was looked upon as a dangerous man by all the other

employees on the line. At the time of the murder of Porter he was employed as a "detective" on the Texas and Pacific road. This office was merely a nominal affair arranged for Currie's benefit by one of the officers of the company who unfortunately was in Currie's power. At Marshall he was looked upon as a bully and a coward. A man who never yet was known to face a fellow in a fair fight, but ever ready to stab a man in the back or attack an armed one in an unfair contest. Such is Currie's record where he is best known. He was looked upon as a cowardly, but dangerous sort of a man and one always sure to "get the drop" on a fellow if there was any danger of his showing fight. It is even claimed that if Porter had admitted he was armed and showed fight, Currie would not in all probability have attacked him. In conversation with people upon the subject they don't seem to manifest much interest in the affair. They take it for granted that he will escape through legal technicalities and powerful influence.

### Unavailing Female Suffrage.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

INDEPENDENCE, Kan., April 8.—A very exciting and rather amusing episode occurred on Tuesday, April

1st, at the polls of the second ward of this city, on the occasion of the municipal election. A crowd of ladies numbering eighteen presented themselves at the polls and offered their ballots, supposing that they were entitled to vote for a member of the Board of Education. There being no warrant of law for such an unusual procedure, their ballots were of course refused by the Board of Election.

A parley was then held, during which the city attorney was sent for. Upon his arrival he informed the ladies that he had no authority to say whether the ladies should vote or not, stating that the judges of the election were to be judges of that matter and not him. He also declined to express his opinion as to their right to vote, but informed them that if they were deprived of any legal right in having their ballots rejected they could obtain legal redress. Several other legal luminaries were upon the ground by this time, none of whom could give the ladies any encouragement. The parley lasted about half an hour during which time several of the "lords of creation" had assembled and the question of their right to vote was warmly discussed both for and against.

The incident caused a considerable amount of merriment, and when the ladies determined on a counter-march

movement and retreat in good order, they were loudly cheered by some, and hooted by others. The animus of this remarkable "new departure" was a desire to defeat the popular candidate for member of Board of Education, Mr. Chris. Etz, who is a large property owner and a man of unquestioned integrity, but who is the proprietor of a large first-class saloon; this demonstration to defeat him being made by the temperance ladies of that ward. Chris., who knew his majority would be over fifty, strongly insisted upon allowing the ladies to vote. Several temperance men who are recognized as leaders, and who were at the bottom of the affair are severely censured for not posting themselves better on the law points, and thus saving the ladies from the mortification consequent upon their being denied the right of elective franchise.

John H. Clark, not satisfied with the result of his late fight with Arthur Chambers, has challenged Chambers to meet him again at catch weight for \$1,000 a side. James Bear, of Buffalo, challenges John H. Clark to fight a man he (Bear) will produce at catch weight, for \$1,000 a side. The editor of the *Clipper* holds \$100 on each of these challenges.



THE AMUSING EPISODE THAT OCCURRED AT THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN INDEPENDENCE, KANS. IN AN ATTEMPT TO VOTE FOR A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, ON THE PART OF SEVERAL LADIES OF THE PLACE.

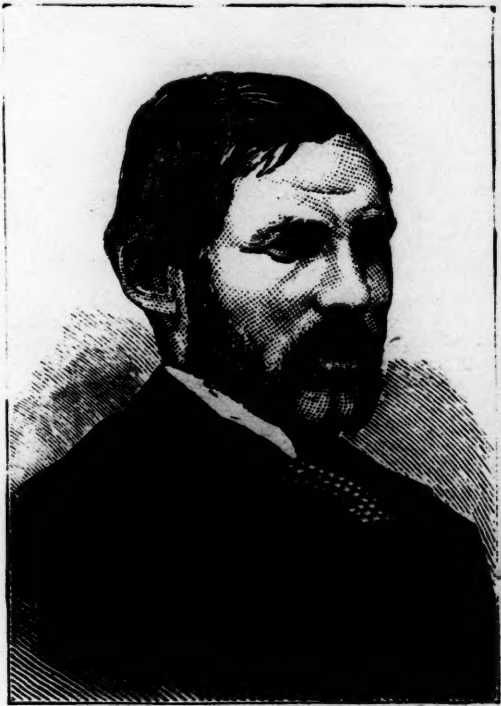


**A Young Girl's Infatuation.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

EVANSVILLE, Ind., April 8.—Two weeks ago a gray-haired, fine-looking man of fifty, giving his name as Herman Rose, came to the city and stopped at the Fulton Avenue Hotel with a handsome and well-educated girl of eighteen, whom he represented as his wife. They have been very quiet, and only during the past two days has Rose ventured to announce his intention of settling and teaching music, of which art he is a professor.

Yesterday Detective Brennecke received a letter from St. Louis, advising him that Rose was a music

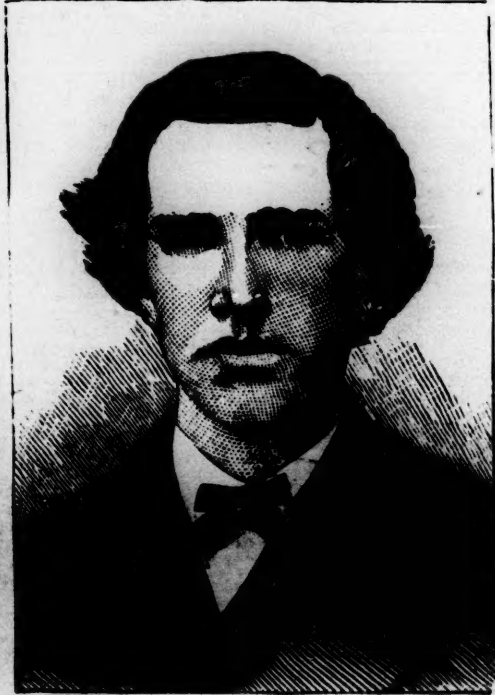


JAMES MORGAN, AUTHOR OF A BOLD ATTEMPT TO ROB THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

teacher there, and had eloped with Emma Hohmann, his pupil. The girl was the daughter of a widow, her father, a St. Louis artist, having died eight years ago. Rose and the girl left home suddenly five weeks ago and stopped for some time in St. Louis, then came here. The girl's mother was dying from the shock, and wanted her to come home.

On being confronted with the letter Rose denied any improper intercourse, saying that he had lived with the girl as a father, occupying the same room, and at night sleeping on the floor while she occupied the only bed in the room. He exhibited a decree of divorce from his wife, issued in St. Louis in 1876, by which two children were left in the wife's custody. The girl said she was willing to go home to see her mother,

but she wanted it understood that she "had the right to love whom she pleased." She said she loved Rose, and had stopped at an assignation house in St. Louis two weeks with him before coming here. She is beautiful, a fine musician, speaks three languages, and is very firm and self-possessed. The girl's mother deprecated any force or exposure, and only left her request to the daughter's decision, promising that if she could see her once more she would die happy. To-day the girl refused to return, and the detective is awaiting instructions from headquarters, while the strangely-infatuated girl remains with the aged Lothario at the Fulton Avenue Hotel.



ARTHUR LENNOX, ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE IN THE FATAL MALPRACTICE UPON MISS MARIA FORSTER, COTTER'S FALLS, PA.

**Cowhiding Her Spouse.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

Verona is a pretty village in Essex county, N. J., not far from Orange. The married gentlemen of Verona are just now congratulating themselves that their wives are not as other men's wives, more especially like the wife of a man living in Orange. It seems the latter is a sort of stay-from-home Rip Van Winkle, and recently his gentle partner threatened to whale him when he turned up. He heard of this and went further from home than ever. Finally, his wife, fortified with a cowhide, started out in search of him. She found him in Verona, and, as eye witnesses state, administered a severe thrashing. He went home peaceably with her.



DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN BOATSWAIN BELLOWS AND MATE DAVIS ON THE BLACK BALL LINE SHIP ISAAC WEBB, SANDY HOOK, N. J.—See PAGE 5.



A YOUNG GIRL'S INFATUATION—MISS EMMA HOHMANN ELOPES WITH HER MARRIED MUSIC TEACHER, HERMAN ROSE, AND ON BEING CONFRONTED WITH A DETECTIVE WITH A MISSIVE FROM HER MOTHER DECLARES THAT SHE WILL NOT PART FROM HER ALLEGED PARAMOUR UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, EVANSVILLE, IND.



## THE PHANTOM FRIEND;

OR,

## The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARSENAL," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend,] was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

## CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

Jules had a cool head and a quick brain, but there was no denying that the return of Alice considerably unnerved him for the moment.

It was just the new quantity in his calculations which made the deductions somewhat shadowy. Here was the position that he took in at a glance:

I. Alice wanted to see Lizzie. What for?  
II. Would not her presence interfere with his own heart affairs? He didn't love her any more, but the very sight of her produced a reminiscence which was the signal of danger.

III. Would the new situation of affairs have anything to do with the marriage arranged for the next evening—a marriage which concerned his own heart-happiness as well as that of his brother?

Determined to at least feel his way, Jules said boldly, "you came here to see Lizzie Kelly?"

The way she started and colored, convinced him that he was right. She saw this and answered with the same promptness that he had used in making the query—

"I did."  
"What for?"  
"That's my business."  
"It is also mine."

There came a pause. Here were two people facing each other in the street, and through their brains were simultaneously flashing these thoughts—

"Can he be on the Webster business?"  
"Can he be on the Webster business?"  
"I will find out, thought Jules. So he said—

"Do you insist upon going to see this woman?"  
"I do."  
"Where did you get her address?"  
"Again, that is my business."  
"Do you know her address?"

Alice pointed to the house.  
"She is not there," Jules responded, "she is dead."

The immediate agitation of Alice was something so decided that the diver was no longer in doubt as to the purpose of the young woman's visit. He put her in the carriage and told her to wait there a moment. She obeyed mechanically. Then he ran swiftly back through the hall, climbed again the gloomy stairs, and passing once more the gurgling faucets, reached the room he had just left.

Lizzie was lying in the same position, but when the door was opened she struggled to a partially-erect attitude, and looked eagerly at the new-comer.

This was also significant, and Jules wondered whether she had expected the woman in the carriage at the door. If she had, the mystery was still further deepened. He said quickly, knowing that since she was in the rear building she could not possibly have heard the arrival of the carriage in the street—

"Do you know where Alice is?"  
"In Europe," was the answer.  
"She is not—and you know it."

"On my word of honor, as a woman who is too ill to lie, I tell you what I think."  
"Would you care to know where she is?"  
"You know I would. Where is she?"  
"In a carriage at the door."

"Did you bring her here? Is this a portion of the plot? the marriage and all the rest?"  
"Why should I want to see her?" Jules said; "you know that it is all over between us. I want to see whether you told her to come here."

Lizzie laughed, and then replied: "Do dead people make any engagements?"

"That is the very point in question. Give me that newspaper paragraph."

"What do you wish to do with it?"  
"To show it to Alice."  
"Why?"  
"To convince her that you are dead."

"And why to do that?"  
"Because I choose to command it," and as he said this the diver leaped over, seized the sick woman's wrists, and, by an involuntary exercise of his physical power, put her in actual pain.

Again he conquered her. She saw that she was in his power. The paper was produced and handed to Jules. He took it, leaned over and whispered, "It shall be given to you to-morrow," and then ran down the stairs as swiftly as he had ascended them.

The carriage was still in front of the house. Jules opened the door, jumped in, and ordered the driver to stop at the first liquor-store he came to. This happened to be by no means a place that Mr. Delmonico could possibly be proud of. It was one of those usual corner establishments, on the English plan, with bottle and jug departments partitioned off. Into one of these compartments Jules conducted Alice, instructing the driver to wait at the corner for their re-appearance.

Summoning the attendant, he ordered, at random, and without thinking of his own or her preferences, two drinks, and, in the interval, by the dim light that streamed through the half-circular aperture of the partition he showed her the marked paper which contained the announcement of Lizzie Kelly's death.

Instead of being nonplussed, as he expected, she simply smiled, and said:

"You do not surprise me. I knew that already."  
"How?"  
"Why, I read it, in a copy of this same paper."

Deep as he was, and that was but a natural characteristic of a diver, Jules was now thoroughly at sea.

If she knew that Lizzie Kelly was dead, why did she drive to the house?

Was it for some purpose which he could not fathom, or that he had not yet discerned?

Could it be that there was some other man, unknown to him, who held the missing threads that would be twined together to make the warp and woof of this strangely woven affair?

After a few moments of silence, during which Alice looked quizzically at Jules, he told her the entire story of George Webster's death, and of the part borne in the occurrence by the woman in question.

Suddenly she burst into tears, and, despite the unsuitableness of the place in which they were, threw herself into Jules' arms, and cried:

"I will tell you all!"  
Jules quieted her agitation, closed the sliding trap of the little window opening on the bar, and awaited her explanation.

It was not long in coming.  
Dashing the tears from her eyes, she said, in broken tones:

"I knew Arthur Calvin as you know I did. I was a fool to leave you for him. You a gentleman, he a thief. But that matters little now. I was wise to leave him for George Webster. I loved George Webster, and it is because of his murder that I am here."

"Why because of that? What do you know—what do you fear?" asked Jules, with ill-concealed excitement.

"It was in Paris," she said, "that I read an account of the murder of George Webster. Without knowing any of the facts. I at once suspected who did it, and why it was done. Having left a thief for a gentleman, for he was a gentleman, although a gambler, and, by my connection with him, ruined his domestic happiness—for he had a pining and faithful wife—I felt it an imperative duty to hunt down his murderer, to track the assassin to his doom, and spin the rope that should launch him into eternity."

She spoke with great earnestness, and her impassioned utterance contrasted strangely with the sounds of revelry from beyond the partition; the jingle of glasses of the bar, the convivial polity of the crowd that thronged the room, and, beyond all, by the faint y heard notes of a husky organ outside, which was grinding out dismally the Brindisi from "Girofle-Girofla."

"Whom do you suspect," asked Jules.

"Why, there is but one man who could have done it," she said, with flashing eyes.

"Who, then?"  
"Arthur Calvin!"  
"You are right," said Jules, rising. "He is the man, without doubt. But why did you go to the house, from which we have just come?"

"To find you."  
"To find me?"  
"Yes."

"Why could you expect to find me there?"  
"For a very simple reason."  
"What is it?"

"When I reached New York my first thought was to see you. I did not know your address, so I employed a private detective to seek you out. He traced you to Leroy street, and thence to the house which we have just left. I was notified in time and followed, thinking to surprise you there. I was too late. What woman was it?"

"I will tell you," and he again took from his pocket the paper containing the death notice, and held it before her eyes. "It was she!"

"But she's dead."  
"Oh, no she isn't, and if you will be present at a certain wedding ceremony to-morrow evening, at say at nine o'clock, I will present you to her, and then you will have an opportunity of gratifying whatever private resentments you may have against the man you hate."

"What man?"  
"The one to whose wedding I invite you."  
"Again I ask you, who is the man you speak of?"  
"Arthur Calvin."

"I will be there."

## CHAPTER XXII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"I must see the woman," said Alice.  
"Which woman?" asked Jules.  
"The woman I came to see, Lizzie Kelly."

The diver thought a moment and finally said:  
"Well, I think it would be the best thing you could do." So, after paying this score, they went out, entered the carriage, and drove back to the rookery where Jules had been a little while before.

Close copartnership in a carriage between two people of whom one has been beloved by the other in times gone is apt to kindle the flame of affection.

And it was so in this case.  
When they alighted Jules conducted the dainty Alice, who gathered up her skirts with a disdainful movement, through the dark passage way, up the creaking stairs and finally came to Lizzie's door.

In response to their knock, Lizzie answered:  
"Come in."

They entered the miserable room and a cold shudder of disgust ran through the elegantly clad woman, whose appearance formed such a striking contrast to her present surroundings.

The only occupant was she whose voice had answered in response to the knock upon the door.

Rising from her chair she looked inquiringly at her visitors.

As she looked upon the fashionably formed robes of Alice, and then at Jules, she drew herself up as if resenting the comparison which must inevitably follow a glance at the two women.

"You wish to see me again?" she asked Jules.  
"Yes, and also to present to you one who shares my interest in the knowledge you possess."

"In what knowledge?"  
"The knowledge you have of the death of George Webster."

Lizzie Kelly turned and faced Alice, looking at her with a swift, inquiring glance that took in every detail of her form and costume, yet seemed to scarcely rest for a moment on her shrinking figure.

"Who is this woman, and what does she know of George Webster?"

"You should know her," replied Jules, calmly. "but if you don't, I will tell you who she is. She loved George Webster, she was his mistress, as she was mine; her name is Alice—"

"Stop!" cried Alice, springing forward, "there is no need to tell this woman what she already knows. You have said enough. It can hardly matter now what George Webster may have been to her or me."

A flash of recollection flitted across Lizzie's face. She approached Alice, and looked questioning into her eyes.

"I know you now," she said, at length. "I know you—you are the woman whom George Webster loved, although you were so long separated. He loved you, and he was murdered on your account."

"That I know already, but by whom?"  
"The man to whom we all owe a debt of vengeance—Arthur Calvin."

"Who, by the way," remarked Jules, calmly, "is to be married to-morrow."

"We must all be there," said Lizzie, with a far off look in her dark eyes. "I have a score to settle with that gentleman, and so have each of you."

"I will be there," replied Jules.  
"And you?"  
"And I," said Alice, "will be there also; what is the hour?"

"Ten o'clock. I will send for you, but where?"  
She hastily penciled her address on a slip of paper.

"At ten o'clock, then, to-morrow night," said Jules, "we will attend Mr. Calvin's wedding—no cards."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM.

## How the Pretty Lady was Eventually Met by P. P. at the Mercantile Library.

## LITERATURE AND LIAISONS.

## The Pretty Girl's Mysterious Female Acquaintance, was it Her Sister.

## THAT PERAMBULATING LEG.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

It was once said of a certain English nobleman who was almost equally celebrated as a military commander and as a statesman, that he would have always been successful if he had not sacrificed himself to his friends. I have never been particularly distinguished in either a civil or a military capacity, but I have thought frequently of late that a parallel might easily be drawn between myself and Lord —.

He was a victim to personal friendship.  
So am I.

Charley is, without doubt, my evil genius; at least I have every reason for that belief.

I believe I narrated last week the circumstances of the unhappy condition in which he found himself through a too absolute devotion to the memory of his suppositiously deceased aunt.

I became his rescuer!  
By dint of most assiduous exertion, I disentangled the complication in which he was involved through the unfortunate mistake of the janitor of the medical college. In a word, I procured a leg that could not possibly have belonged to his aunt.

I pray you not to think that there is the slightest "Pinafore" allusion in this.

I don't purpose to tell where that leg is, but I know, and it is that fact which makes your humble servant miserable.

In taking charge of it, I put my foot in it.  
But let us amputate the leg from this article and return to the consideration of more pleasant subjects.

The leg will keep, or at least I hope it will.  
What I do want to tell is how I met the pretty lady who, somehow or another, brought all this trouble about, which, singularly enough, is visited upon me, an entirely innocent party.

I met her at the Mercantile Library, and in strict accordance with an invitation which Charley had given me. It will be remembered that he had promised the introduction.

The hour set was two o'clock, and it is not necessary to state that I was there. In fact, I got there before two o'clock did. Taking a seat in the reading-room I awaited for three things.

Developments.  
The pretty woman.  
Charley.

The three waited-for ideas arrived at once.  
Charley came in with "blue eyes" on his arm. I am well aware that such is not the usual place for blue eyes, but, phenomenal as it may seem, it was the case. She smiled furtively when she discovered who was reading at the table and received the introduction in a demure sort of way that was inexpressibly charming. I divined at once that she knew that I knew Charley and that possibly she remembered me as the gentleman on the car. Charley knew a great deal more than I knew. That was natural. She knew that I had seen her in the private post-office, and evidently was well aware of the fact that I had requested the introduction. Under these circumstances it was made.

Charley said:  
"Miss Emeline —, this is Mr. Paul Prowler."

I replied:  
"Beg pardon. I don't know whether I heard you aright, but isn't there a Mrs. take in the name. I thought the lady was married. If she is not I will withdraw. I certainly am, and therefore my intentions apropos of this desired introduction have been simply platonic."

This was natural banter which all understood, and in a few moments we were all sociably chatting about the weather, the latest novel, and those other trifles which people who have nothing to speak about always find at hand for the purposes of conversation.

Perhaps I may, or perhaps I may not, tell you at some more remote period of all the soft nonsense she eventually whispered into my ear, after I had sent Charley to ask the librarian for a book which I knew did not exist. But what I want to say particularly in this sketch is about the rendezvous place which the Mercantile Library is. For that matter, all the libraries are, and so are the picture galleries. I must not be understood as saying anything improper or implying anything derogatory to the characters of the frequenters of places hallowed by the intellectual atmosphere radiated by books. But it is true that in libraries you meet more pretty women who, quite by accident, meet more gentleman friends than you can shake a stick at.

Not that any man would want to shake a stick, or use a club in any way, in the case of a pretty woman.

What is the adage? "He who lays a base ball bat upon a female, save in the way of the most excessive tenderness, does that which deprives him of all recognition as a voter and tax-payer." This may not be the precise quotation, but the sense has been preserved.

In support of my remark that libraries seem to be favorite, although thoroughly accidental, premises for what the giddy and thoughtless might call assignations, I will mention one circumstance.

A young man in a new spring ulster, and otherwise elegantly dressed, sat at a table reading a German magazine which I knew was all Greek to him. I could tell that by the way in which he looked up occasionally and gazed about the apartment in an abstracted manner. Whenever a man does that you may be sure he doesn't know German.

Well, suddenly—and just at a time when the young man was not looking at the door—a very fascinating-looking young girl entered the reading room. The day was none too bright, and she was not of course enabled to see the countenance of everyone. What did she do?

She got the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* and began to read it up-side down. I was prowling about and noticed this fact. Some people may like their *Atlantic Monthly* up-side down, but I don't. Still there is no accounting for taste.

Suddenly he looked up and gazed around the room.

Singularly enough—he looked up at the same time and their two gazes, roving around the room, met. It is a very beautiful spectacle to see two gazes meet, where one of them radiates from a nice pair of feminine eyes. As

soon as they did coalesce, to use such a phrase, the young man put down the German magazine, and the young lady dropped the *Atlantic Monthly*. Then he got up and yawned and she rose and looked out of the window. I watched them narrowly because I was already interested. He passed down the stairs first, and exiting by the door to the right reached Astor Place, and then continued his course to Broadway.

There couldn't have been any collusion in this matter because the lady shortly after left the library by the stairs to the left. I accidentally discovered this fact, although I was not engaged in any espionage business. What was my surprise to look out of the window while Charley and the pretty woman with blue eyes were talking together, and see the German magazine man meet the *Atlantic Monthly* lady. And shake hands, even!

Strange, wasn't it?  
My attention to this sight attracted that of the pretty woman, who suddenly came over, and placing her hand on my shoulder—you know she had a right to after the introduction—said—

"What attracts you so much?"  
With the quietness of a man given to lying when he has nothing else to do, I responded, "The Seventh Regiment—for it is parading to-day."

"No it isn't," was her answer, "I have a friend in that regiment, and when it parades he always lets me know."

"And you?"  
"Why, I sit in a window on Broadway and watch him as he passes."

All this time Charley was nervously turning over the pages of a periodical which I afterwards ascertained to be the *Scientific and Pathological Journal*.

"Well, how about your friend?" said I, "being a member of the New York State Militia I presume he is 'N. G.'"

"That is correct if you mean that 'N. G.' stands for 'no-good.' But ~~what~~ are you looking at, in order to drop nonsense and return to ordinary circumstances of life."

"I am looking at the young woman there."  
"Which young woman?"

With the handle of my umbrella I designated her. At that moment she was taking a card from her casual acquaintance who had previously been so interested in German literature.

As the mysterious lady—for she was a mystery to me up to that moment—saw the other one, and remember that during these moments Charley was reading the *Scientific and Pathological Journal*, she uttered a charming little shriek, and said immediately after, in a subdued tone of voice, "What am I going to do?"

"About what?" I instantly responded.

"That is my sister," and as she said this she ran like a little deer, as she certainly seemed to be, toward the door. Charley immediately dropped all interest in pathology and got upon his feet. I caught his arm as he attempted to pass me in pursuit of the lady.

"What are you going to do?" I exclaimed.

"I want to catch her."  
"For what purpose?"  
"Why, I don't know where she's going."

"Well, is that your business?"  
"Well, it comes to that, is it yours?"  
"No, it is not. I think it is evidently hers. Look," and I pointed from the window.

He saw this picture: The young lady who had been reading the *Atlantic Monthly* upside down was still talking to the gentleman who had been devoting himself to the perusal of the German magazine, and the pretty woman was standing a few paces from them, unnoticed, watching their every movement.

"Who are they?" queried Charley.

"She said that the lady was her sister."

"I never knew she had a sister," responded Charley, with a puzzled air.

"Neither did I, but I suppose you know she's got a husband?"

"Oh, don't I," answered Charley, with a grimace indicative of some strong, if concealed, emotion.

As we spoke, the lady and gentleman, bringing their half-whispered conversation to a close, moved suddenly around the corner and disappeared from view.

Charley's inamorata immediately followed.

"By Jove," said Charley, "we must see where she goes."

"Lead on, old man, I'll follow thee," I returned, and accordingly we hastened down-stairs and turned toward Broadway.

We had barely taken fifty steps from the entrance to the library when the fair Emeline reappeared at the corner and came toward us.

She was very pale, and a tear-drop glittered on each eye-lash.

"Well," said I, with an effort to be lively and agreeable, "was it your sister?"

"Don't ask me, I don't know."

## What They Say of Us.

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## WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

## The Tenting Season—Under the Canvases—The Circus and the Crocus.

This is the tenting season. Now it is that the circus starts upon the road, and that reminds me that the reason there are so many theatrical ladies going into the pedestrian business is because they go out with snap companies and have many a chance to walk back.

Singularly enough the circus and the crocus start together. This is always a simultaneous coincidence of spring. Of the two, I prefer the crocus. Still, the circus is not bad, and the present success of the Barnum affair at the American Institute, shows that the old love for the canvas business has not died out.

And why should it—I am an old man and have been tossed about even by "Emperor," the most energetic brute that ever swindled an express company by persisting in carrying its trunk around, but still I like the elephant and I like the circus collaterally. This may be an elephant of mine, but still I entertain it.

The following is the list of the principal shows on the road for the present season:

The London, or, as it is now styled, "Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Allied Shows," opened in Philadelphia last Monday for one week, at large business. Route south and south-west.

P. T. Barnum's now at the Ring for two weeks. Route to Brooklyn, then east.

John O'Brien's Great Show.

W. C. Coup's United Monster Show. Route, all the principal cities in the Union.

W. W. Coles, New York and New Orleans, Cincinnati, then west.

Grady & Beatty's New Show, Knox, Indiana, then north-west.

The Great Commonwealth Circus travels by water May 1st.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s Great Golden Menagerie, in Armimima, N. Y., April 23rd.

John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie commences in Cincinnati, April 14, then through Ohio.

Forpaugh's Circus and Menagerie, Nashville, Tenn., April 6th, then south.

Everything promises well for an excellent season for all the shows. There has been a great deal of money invested in the circus business this year, with the idea of reviving the taste for an entertainment that, in our early days, was more of an event than it is now.

The same thought applies to the minstrel business, with the exception that the latter profession has now a little fallen into desuetude.

New York City supports but one minstrel company, and has witnessed not only too remotely the disastrous failure of another. Singularly enough, a town like Philadelphia supports three minstrel shows; but this has nothing to do with the circus business.

The other evening I attended the exhibition of Barnum's, and it wasn't very bad, but I noticed that there was not that vim and jump in the audience which I remember as having obtained in my more youthful days.

I noticed more particularly that the tiger man seemed to have a more docile tiger, and that the lion didn't roar as loudly as used to be the case.

I also saw that the leopard didn't have so many spots to change, even supposing that he was capable of changing them, as did the leopard of a generation ago.

I didn't have a tape measure with me, and if I had I don't suppose that they would have allowed me to use it. I am firmly convinced, however, that the giraffe that I saw on the occasion to which I refer had a neck at least a foot shorter than what the neck of the ordinary circus giraffe should be.

The hyenas didn't walk up and down their cages fast enough. I timed one, and the following is the official report, which is of no particular importance except to the hyenas and myself:

He made seven laps round his den in eleven seconds.

Strolling about the building I also saw that the rhinoceros was not so rhinocerosous and that there didn't seem to be so much trouble bruin among the bears.

The monkeys didn't catch on as usual, and the parakeets had less chatter and gossip than one would naturally expect.

In the ring ladies with pink legs were going through tissue paper balloons, and ladies were swinging from trapeze bars, while lumpyish developed men were juggling cannon balls.

Horses were running around with equestrians and "ennes" gracefully poised upon their tails.

But the clown, "where be his gibes now?" He is certainly not as funny now as he was in the days of our youth. He wore the same dress; he tumbled into the ring with the same "here we are again," but how dull, stale and unprofitable were his jokes. I have read the almanacs for the last twenty years, know them all by heart, and his conundrums and wearily elucidated witticisms were as antique as the doleful funniment of the average end-man.

It may be that I am growing old and blase, or it may not be that such is the case, but this fact remains, that the circus of to-day is not the circus of my youth, and the *auditorium* arena has no longer any charms for the MARQUIS OF LORNETTE.

## Green-Room Gossip.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

The Oratorio Society concluded its season on Thursday, the 17th.

Mr. Frederick May says he has no intention of going upon the stage.

Mr. Barton Hall has returned to California, doubtless well provided with attractions for next season.

Manager Hofele of the Bowery Theatre, has been tendered a grand benefit, to take place on Monday, April 21st.

Aimee goes to the Park at the conclusion of her season at Booth's. Offenbach's "Madame Favart" will be the opening piece.

The "Scrap of Paper" will certainly be continued at Wallack's until Mr. Wallack leaves for California. Its success is unaltered.

Continued success is the order of the day at the London, where Manager Donaldson presents an excellent bill with a constantly varied company.

Miss Mary Andler on has made a very successful week at the Brooklyn Academy, where she has appeared in a round of her favorite characters.

Previous to Miss Rose Coghlan's approaching departure for California she will take a benefit, most likely at Booth's Theatre, some time next month.

"The Banker's Daughter" will be played at the Brooklyn Academy on May 19. It is to be hoped that Talmage's trial will be over by that time, or the counter attraction might prove fatal to the success of either.

Miss Ellie Wilton, recently of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will appear at the Olympic on Monday, April 28th, when Mr. Augustin Daly takes up the managerial reins once more, and "L'Assommoir" will be produced.

Miss Martha Fairfield, an ambitious aspirant for histrionic honors, has made a conspicuous failure as *Emilia*, and also in the role of *Madame Emma*, in "Love's Sacrifice." She was admirably supported in both plays by Mr. J. B. Studley, an artist whose fine abilities are well worthy a better field.

Mr. George Edgar, of the Broadway Theatre, played *Officer* on Wednesday night at the Albany Opera House, for the benefit of Mr. John W. Albaugh, the manager of that theatre, and won a triumph. Mr. Edgar will be on the road for about a month, presenting his repertoire of Shakespearean parts.

The Old Bowery, for several generations one of the theatrical landmarks of New York, will soon lose its distinctive appellation. From the 15th of next September it will become a German theatre, and be designated the "Thalia." It is designed to present first-class entertainments at popular prices. Matilda Catrely, formerly of the Germania theatre, and Herr Gustave Amberg will be associated with Mr. William Kramer, the present owner of "Old Drury," in the management.

When an elephant runs off with a circus chariot the boys about the monkey cage had better keep away. On Monday afternoon a trainer was "breaking in" several elephants in Philadelphia. He had tried several of the ten huge monsters belonging to the show, and they had behaved tolerably well. An elephant named Chieftain, however, when hitched to a heavy baggage-wagon, was exceedingly restive, and after making a circuit or two around the large open space, suddenly elevated his trunk, straightened out his tail, and giving vent to a piercing scream, dashed with tremendous speed over piles of lumber, wagon trucks and other obstacles. On, on went the elephant, and away, helter-skelter, went man, woman and child—over fences, into shops, under barrels, anywhere out of the yard. The elephant trotted on until he reached a solid brick building on the south-east side, the corner of which he struck with great force. The wagon stuck, and his majesty could no further go.

## FOREIGN.

The following are the dramatic notes of importance gleaned from the foreign press.

M. Meilhac and Halevy are working at a comedy in five acts for the Vaudeville.

"Jean Buscaille," a drama by M. Valnay, will succeed "Hoche," at the Chateau d'Eau Theatre.

"Salvator Rosa," at the Chatelet, is to be succeeded by "Kleber," a piece by M. Michael Masson.

"Babel-Revue," at the Athenaeum, will give place to "Lequel," a piece in three acts, played by the Montrouges.

"La Petite Mademoiselle," by M. Meilhac, Halevy and Lecocq, is being actively rehearsed at the Renaissance.

The Gymnase has accepted a comedy in three acts called "Dahlia Bleu," by M. Delacour, in collaboration with M. P. Roger and Cellier.

M. Emile Augier has almost finished a comedy in five acts, and in verse, destined for the Comedie-Francaise. The new piece will be put in rehearsal immediately after the return of the company from London at the end of July.

"M. de Barbizon," the piece of M. Georges Petit and Henri Raymond, which was to have to have succeeded "Le Mari de la Debutante," at the Palais Royal, is adjourned until next winter. M. Busnach and Gastinau's "Bas de Laine," is now in rehearsal.

The most important piece of information in Mr. Mapleson's prospectus of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre is the announcement of the re-engagement of Mme. Christine Nilsson. It was at Her Majesty's Theatre that this distinguished artist made her *debut* in Italian opera, and thus commenced a reputation which was soon to become European.

The *Athenaeum* reports that an interesting attempt to revive the interest in English ballad operas is to be made at Sadler's Wells Theatre, when it is reopened under the management, next month, of Mrs. Bateman, who intends, it is stated, to have efficient soloists, and a good band and chorus to secure a fine *ensemble*, besides the aid of competent dramatic artists, whose abilities will be tested in many excellent librettos.

M. Paul Deroudele, the author of the *Helmus*, is writing a Biblical drama, in four acts, called the *Mobile*. The piece will be played next winter at the Odeon, and the principal roles will be interpreted by Marais, Puol, Rebel, Mmes. Marie Laurent and Helene Petit. The Odeon has just accepted a new drama by M. Lomon, entitled *Kennilby*, the subject of which is an episode from the history of the famous ship "le Vengeur."

There was a great crowd at the entrance to the pit of one of the London theatres one night recently, and a young lady who was going in with her brother said to a stout Mrs. Gamp-like sort of a person who was crushing her sadly, "My good woman, please do not push; wait patiently, and we shall get in." "Good woman, indeed! I am no more a good woman than you are!" was the reply shouted forth, to the amusement of the crowd.

The actress' ball at the Paris Opera House was a success, and the Parisian fashion journals was eloquent about the dresses worn by the artists. Among them were Miss Kate Munroe, in a white satin ball dress; Madame Judie, as *Pierrot*, in yellow satin; Mlle. Rhigetti and Juliette Olivier, as Merveilleuses; Sangalli, in iron gray ball dress; Leonide Leblanc, Rosine Bloch; Berthe Thibault, all in white satin ball dress; Louise Magnier, as a peasant bride; Mary Albert, as a Russian peasant; Rejane, as *Peuchet*, and a deputation from the Comedie Francaise, composed of Mlles. Lloyd, Beretta, Bianca, Samary and Fayolle, some in ball dress and others in *robe de chambre* only. It has been suggested that the next *balles artistiques* be held at the Hippodrome, which would allow this *debutante* to become a little more sociable on account of the absence of the tiers of boxes, which render conversation with the *joies artistiques* difficult, if not impossible.

## VICE'S VARIETIES.

At Milwaukee, Wis., on the 15th, John Worden, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced for a year and three months.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 15.—The Governor to-day issued his proclamation offering \$200 reward for the arrest of James Batty, who, it is charged, on March 23rd, 1879, shot and killed George Hardin, a Pawnee, in this county.

At Eagle Pass, Texas, on the night of the 16th, a Mexican named Muros cut his wife's throat, causing her death. His daughter, while attempting to interfere, was also injured. A neighbor, who tried to arrest Muros, was hewn with an ax and died in a short time. The murderer escaped into Mexico.

A negro man and woman living near Bolton, Tex., witnesses against Canterbury and Dobbins in a rape case, were murdered on the 7th. The man was killed instantly. The woman lived till morning. It is stated one of the assassins said they shouldn't live to appear against Canterbury and Dobbins.

The Holmes murder trial at Somerset, Ohio, resulted, on the 7th, in a verdict of manslaughter, and fixed the punishment at two years in the state prison. That being the shortest term for this offense in the state, it is thought

there will be no appeal taken. The murder was committed in 1833, and this is the third trial.

DANIEL SHEFFER, a white man, shot and killed two negroes, Philip Burgette and his son Moses, about four miles from St. Genevieve, Mo., on Tuesday, 15th. There had been an old dispute between them about the possession of a piece of land, and on Tuesday they met there and renewed the trouble, all being armed. Philip Burgette advanced on Sheffer in a threatening manner, whereupon the latter shot him dead. Moses then opened fire on Sheffer, and was also shot and killed. Sheffer has been arrested.

GEORGE C. CLARY, of Birmingham, O., committed suicide at Windsor, Ontario, on the 15th. The previous week Clary outraged the person of a German girl at Birmingham, and fled to Canada to escape from officers. He left a wife and one child at Birmingham, where his parents reside. Clary was twenty-eight years old, and had been for a time, a traveling salesman for the Buckeye Tobacco Works, of Toledo, Ohio.

A most shocking affair took place six miles north of Fort Wayne, Ind., on the afternoon of the 16th. An old Frenchman, named Dedler Deplein, who has for some time past lived unhappily with his wife, who recently applied for a divorce, choked and beat her in such a terrible manner that her death was momentarily expected at last accounts. He was secured after a desperate struggle and is now in jail. He has made several previous attempts to murder his wife.

INFORMATION from Lampasas, west of Waco, Texas, says a man named Collier was taken from his horse in that county, by a mob of masked men, and hung. Collier was a relative of the Howell brothers, desperadoes, who were shot dead in jail last fall by a mob. Collier is charged with harboring a member of the gang. The mob surrounded Collier's house and dragged him forth, turning a deaf ear to his piteous cries for mercy. He is said to have been hung to the limb of a tree.

A FEARFUL fight occurred on board the steamer Buckingham, below Clarksville, Tenn., on the 7th. While at dinner, Henry Nunn provoked a difficulty with Felix Compton. They fought across the table with large case-knives. Nunn snatched a hand-spike and struck at Compton, who parried the blow and, at the same time, plunged his knife to the hilt in Nunn's abdomen. Nunn fell over backward and soon died, suffering intense agony. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Nunn was a desperado, and had served a term in the Kentucky penitentiary for murder.

PUNGE expectation in Cynthia, Ky., has all along been centering upon the much-talked-of case of Duke Fleming, charged with the murder of the prostitute, Sarah Wright, in that city, during the Cynthia fair last August, and the 14th was the time set to open it up in court. But, to the surprise of all, Mr. Fleming failed to put in an appearance on that morning, though it was understood that he was near enough to town to get there on short notice if the case was tried. This, however, was not done, the Commonwealth not being ready for trial, and the case has now been continued over to the October term of the Criminal Court.

Two men were killed in a duel in Glendale, Montana, on Sunday morning, 6th inst. J. Littlefield and A. H. Foster were rivals for the affections of the same woman. Foster was successful, married her and settled down. For a time the differences of the two men were held in check, but the ardor of Littlefield's love was not assuaged by the lapse of time. The trouble finally culminated in a challenge to fight, and a meeting was arranged as above stated. Neither shrunk from the encounter, and each used his revolver to kill. Both fired simultaneously, and both fell in their tracks. Littlefield was shot through the heart and died almost instantly. Foster, who was hit in a vital part, expired four hours afterward.

At New Albany, Ind., on the night of the 4th, Stephen R. Smith, who had been organizing the Percy Band of Hope, a temperance movement among children, was arrested for assault and battery upon Mary E. Beard, a little girl about ten years of age. The child stated that he rudely took hold of her and attempted to take liberties with her person. Justice Huckleby fined him \$1 and costs for assault and battery, and he was sent to jail in default. Smith was getting up a children's exhibition, and was training a number of them in dialogues, when the assault occurred. He is believed to be partially insane, and an effort will be made to release him and send him to his home at Galeburg, Ill. Numerous stories of his attempts to take indecent liberties with other girls were circulated, but there is nothing in them. The fall of this reformer has cast a damper upon temperance workers.

The reports of a pistol in the little cottage occupied by Christian Leslie and his wife in Morrestown N. Y., attracted the attention of the neighbors early on the morning of the 17th. Two men entered and found Mrs. Leslie lying on the floor covered with blood, which streamed from a wound in her chest. Near her was the prostrate and lifeless form of her husband. In his right hand he held a revolver, and from a wound in his head oozed blood and brains. Leslie and his wife were addicted to drinking, and when drunk were quarrelsome. He had been drinking heavily of late, and had gone home late the previous night heavily intoxicated. It is believed he had not recovered from the effects of his night's spree in the morning and precipitated a quarrel, during which he drew his revolver, shot his wife and then killed himself. The woman's wound is no doubt mortal. She was unconscious when found, and efforts to restore her to consciousness have failed.

SEVERAL weeks ago London journals printed what purported to be a confession by a convict in an English prison of a murder committed in this city in August, 1877, a circumstance of which was the throwing the body of the victim into the East river at Wall street. Following the pretended confession were given extracts from the memoranda and papers found, as was alleged, on the body of a man which was discovered floating off Wall street in September, 1878. The convict has since been discovered to be a Maine man, who invented the story of the murder to get a free passage to his native country. On the 16th the fact was brought to light that the papers, which were published as the property of the drowned man of Wall street, were really found on the body of one Frederick Nash, who died on the 10th of last August while receiving charity at 18 East Seventeenth street. Nash was formerly book-keeper with Coburns & Theall, boiler-makers. They only knew of his fate from the English convict's giving out some of his memoranda.

The feature of the Stevens wife murder trial, in Chicago last week, was the appearance on the witness-stand of Peter E. Stevens the defendant. A spirited controversy rose between the lawyers as to the admissibility of that portion of his testimony relative to the letters from fast young men in Chicago, received by his wife while she was living with him in Cincinnati in 1876. The letters, which the prosecution endeavored to exclude, are described by Stevens from memory, they having been destroyed by his wife with his consent. One of these epistles referred to meetings the writer had had with his wife when she was in Chicago, and said that as soon as

she came back, he wanted her to go on a boat ride across the lake, adding that she must not blush if he should say that she should occupy the same state-room with him. Other letters from other young men were described by Stevens in his testimony, the purpose of this line of proof being to show the causes creating the alleged temporary insanity during which Stevens killed his wife.

GEORGE BORN, a wealthy old fellow residing in East Liberty, Pa., is now undergoing the penalty of subscribing himself "an old fool and the worst of fools." On the 14th of November, 1878, Born met Miss Maria Hefty, a young woman of the East end, and was married to her. The young bride at once set to work to wind the coils about the old man, now verging on three score and ten years, and ere the honeymoon had closed, succeeded in "honeyfucking" her liege lord into signing a will in her favor. And now comes the rub. No sooner had she got her grapple-hooks on the possessions on Born than she announced a resolution, which despite his entreaties, had not been modified or changed in the slightest degree. That determination was announced to the old noodle, and was in effect that a nursery should not be a part of her household; that croupy children should not howl all night at her bed-side, nor small molasses fingers molest the drapery which her possessions would enable her to adorn her person with. But the old man was sharper than the wife gave him credit, and, quickly revoking the will formerly made, proceeded to precipitate affairs, and to-day the culmination was reached and the tempest broke in the family. The old husband claims to have been terribly wronged, and in an application for a divorce from Maria, filed on the 11th, alleges that her real motive for dispensing with the probabilities of a nursery was criminal partiality with three or four young men of East Liberty. Old Hickory Bottom was slow at arriving at the truth, but he says he at length had his optic opened and now there is "blood on the moon." The young wife has been cited to appear and answer the allegations, and it is expected there will be some rich developments when the case comes up.

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